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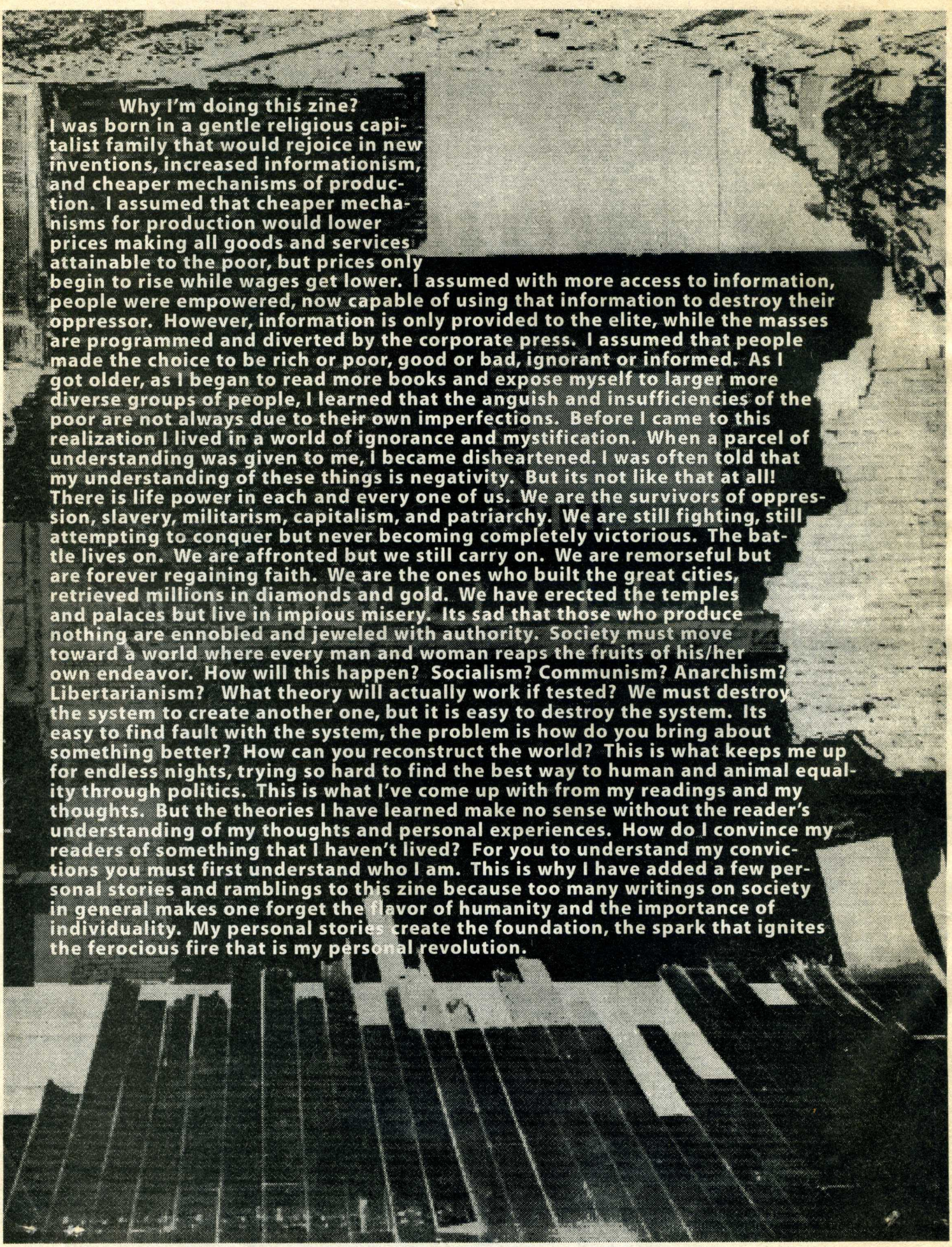


Why I'm doing this zine?

I was born in a gentle religious capitalist family that would rejoice in new inventions, increased informationism, and cheaper mechanisms of production. I assumed that cheaper mechanisms for production would lower prices making all goods and services attainable to the poor, but prices only begin to rise while wages get lower. I assumed with more access to information, people were empowered, now capable of using that information to destroy their oppressor. However, information is only provided to the elite, while the masses are programmed and diverted by the corporate press. I assumed that people made the choice to be rich or poor, good or bad, ignorant or informed. As I got older, as I began to read more books and expose myself to larger more diverse groups of people, I learned that the anguish and insufficiencies of the poor are not always due to their own imperfections. Before I came to this realization I lived in a world of ignorance and mystification. When a parcel of understanding was given to me, I became disheartened. I was often told that my understanding of these things is negativity. But its not like that at all! There is life power in each and every one of us. We are the survivors of oppression, slavery, militarism, capitalism, and patriarchy. We are still fighting, still attempting to conquer but never becoming completely victorious. The battle lives on. We are affronted but we still carry on. We are remorseful but are forever regaining faith. We are the ones who built the great cities, retrieved millions in diamonds and gold. We have erected the temples and palaces but live in impious misery. Its sad that those who produce nothing are ennobled and jeweled with authority. Society must move toward a world where every man and woman reaps the fruits of his/her own endeavor. How will this happen? Socialism? Communism? Anarchism? Libertarianism? What theory will actually work if tested? We must destroy the system to create another one, but it is easy to destroy the system. Its easy to find fault with the system, the problem is how do you bring about something better? How can you reconstruct the world? This is what keeps me up for endless nights, trying so hard to find the best way to human and animal equality through politics. This is what I've come up with from my readings and my thoughts. But the theories I have learned make no sense without the reader's understanding of my thoughts and personal experiences. How do I convince my readers of something that I haven't lived? For you to understand my convictions you must first understand who I am. This is why I have added a few personal stories and ramblings to this zine because too many writings on society in general makes one forget the flavor of humanity and the importance of individuality. My personal stories create the foundation, the spark that ignites the ferocious fire that is my personal revolution.

capitalism

" A man pulled a handful of seeds out of his pocket and set them on the table.
That's the Czar," he said. Around that he placed some other seeds and said:
"Those are his ministers" around them some others:
"Those are the generals,: than came the nobility, the great merchants , and finally the
workers and peasants. When it was all arranged another man reached out his hand and mixed up the lot
"Now tell which one is the czar, he said, "and which is nobility , and which is the worker."

-Mukhin

Capitalism is the creation and accumulation of capital represented by money or property. In order for capitalism to exist, everything must have a price to enable it to be sold for money. To get ahold of necessities, money is needed. The only way for most to do this is through exchanging their labors for $. Those who do this are the working class because their property alone does not bring about profit. Goods and services made by labor are sold by employers for a profit. Wage earners only receive part of the value or wealth that their labor produces. People who take the profits are the capitalists. Capitalists compete for profit and the working class compete to survive.

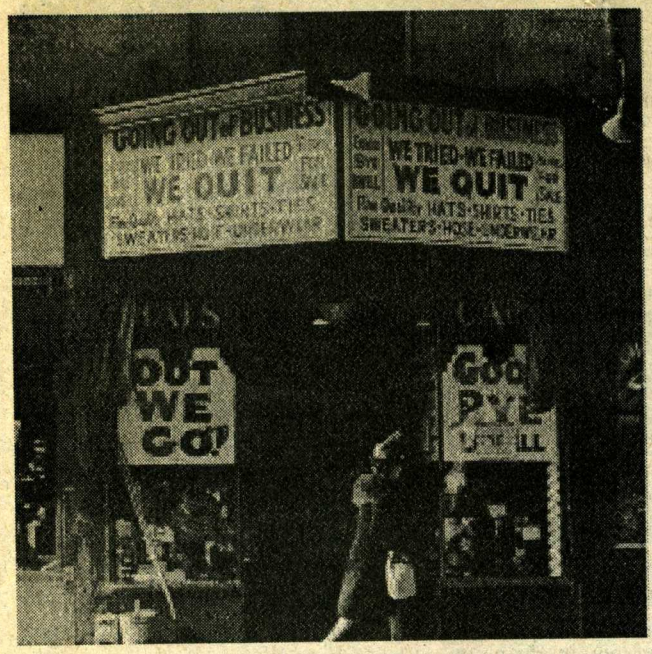
Capitalism exists to continue making profit in order to accumulate more capital. Capitalists want to increase the amount and rate of profit if at all possible. At times the capitalist system will enter a severe crisis of its own making: over production, fall of profit, surplus of capital, or dissipation of natural resources. Once a capitalist runs out of things to profit on they begin to over produce. Environmental resources dissipate and must be replaced. To save money jobs are brought to third world companies for drastically lower wages to ensure greater profit(NAFTA). As a result, there is higher unemployment and lower wages in the first world. This has been going on since the 1960s. Companies have covered up a huge recession. In order to get rid of overproduced goods companies loaned them to third world countries with interest so high that it could never be paid off. So many people in the US seem so deluded about goods and money going to third world countries. They think US is helping these countries, when really, the US takes advantage of their misfortune. The US gives nothing away for free.

War is good for capitalism because lots of products and services are destroyed and have to be replaced over and over again. It is good for the capitalists but the poor suffer the consequences of it because supplies that are destroyed have to be replaced somehow, and its the working classes that pay for the replacement of resources. Capitalism is a hard face creed that adapts. It doesn't matter what you are as long as you have money. In the 20th century ownership of enterprise moved away from individual ownership to that of shareholder ownership. This intensified as companies grew larger and gobbled each other up. For example, the Civil War was not over slavery but a war between two types of capitalists. World War I and II were culmination's among international capitalists fighting for markets and resources. They came about because of the emergence of companies that had operations all over the world. Before WWII military took up 3.2% of the GNP and afterwards it was 40%.

During this time there were extreme strikes and during economic upswing, government imposed unions were sanctioned to represent the working class. Since these unions were encouraged by the capitalists, union leaders tended to be moderate and revolutionary workers were penalized. The labor party and the unions encouraged moderate elements and marginalized radicals. Since the 80s the power of the unions decreased because capitalism went into a new phase where negotiation and cooperation had no place. The ruling class developed a philosophy based on "the new right" which returned to ideas in the 19th century revolving around survival of the fittest and enterprise.

The **State** is a means by which a small minority control and dominate the huge majority in the interests of the ruling power in our society, the capitalists. The aim of the state is to control class conflict and regulate competition between capitalists to make society run smoothly. The functions of the state include state military(protect capitalist interests), political stability(control radical criticism with harmless petition or election), education(justify and encourage acceptance of economic and social order, legitimize status quo, organize young people's integration into society, and to supply knowledge and skills to the workforce), social services(to alleviate the worst excesses of the capitalist system and to aid stability), law and order(legal force and judicial system to protect capitalists), and infrastructure(roads, healthcare, communications, ect.).

"Law and government may be considered in this and indeed in every case as a combination of the



rich to oppress the poor and preserve themselves the inequality of the goods which would otherwise soon be destroyed by the attacks of the poor, who if not hindered by the government would soon reduce the others to an equality with themselves by open violence."

Religion justifies and explains why one person should have power over another. Once you believe in divine beings or forces above human kind with superior powers over our lives than you give up the right to control your own life. If you look to divine guidance than you will look for the human representations of divine power on earth or they will find you. To them you give your obedience.

> "The idea of God, (or forces) implies the abdication of human reason and justice; it is the most decisive denial of human freedom and necessarily ends in the enslavement of humankind, both in theory and in practice. If god is, than we are slaves; now, we can and must be free; then god does not exist."

Democracy is a farce because elected officials aren't in control, but permanent unelected officials. If elected officials ignore the permanent officials they are ridiculed through the media machine. Since elected officials spend alot of their time in the public eye, they lack the time to acquire information themselves. They have to get this information from permanent unelected officials. Democracy fools us into thinking we can change things with a vote and gives us figure heads we can blame problems on. They suggest that in times of crisis we must look to someone to save us: in the Revolutionary crisis, the founding fathers; in the slavery crisis, Lincoln; in the Depression, Roosevelt; in the Vietnam-Watergate crisis, Carter. And that between occasional crisis everything is all right, and it is sufficient for us to be restored to that normal state. They teach us that the supreme act of citizenship is to choose among saviors, by going into a voting booth every four years to choose between two white and well-off Anglo-Saxon males of inoffensive personality and orthodox opinions. The idea of savior has been built into the entire culture, beyond politics. We learned to look to stars, leaders, experts in every field, thus surrendering our own strength, demeaning our own ability, obliterating our own selves.

The **class structure** is made up of the ruling class, middle class, and the working class. The ruling class is 5% of the population. They maintain their own and their class's domination over society through divide and rule tactics. The rules of the ruling class do not apply to themselves. They compete fiercely with each other for markets, resources, and politically power. Most of them are born into this class.

> "Not because they are bad people, but because if they stopped being impervious to it they wouldn't be managers any more. Suppose that the CEO of some big corporation decides he's going to be a nice guy and devote his resources from that corporation to the homeless people under bridges that are falling down due to global pollution. He wouldn't be a manager anymore." (Chomsky)

Examples of the ruling class include owners of companies, CEO's, directors, major shareholders, bankers, high court judges, police chiefs, top academics, church leaders, ect. The middle class is 20% of the population. They manage the working class in the interests of the ruling class to ensure the smooth running of the capitalist society. They manufacture culture: fashion, music, TV, ect. They explain and justify the existing organization of society, and direct energy into harmless reform. The middle class includes professional people, social workers, doctors, journalists, researchers, police men, small business owners, ect. The working class makes up 75% of the population. The working class are people who live by their labor and have no power. They are not defined by what they do but what is done to them. They are the creation of capitalism. Huge amounts of money is spent to keep them in their place. They are the only ones to destroy capitalism. Their self confidence is attacked by education, religion, and the media. Their superstitious and bigoted ideas are encouraged at every opportunity. They are only allowed to look upon themselves as honest, loyal, hardworking, and good hearted citizens. They are the stupid and misguided, to be patronized. The rest are portrayed as scum, animals which need to be kept in place, or shot down when the need arises. Anyone who stands up to injustice and oppression belongs to this group. Only 16% of the working class in unionized. The working class is kept devided by nationalism(fascism), sexism, religion, racism, and hatred of gays.

Racism does not attempt to create a division in the working class, it aims to make sections of the working class support and callaborate with the ruling class. Class conscienceless is replaced with race conscienceless. We have no way of testing behavior of whites and blacks toward one another under favorable conditions. In spite of such preconceptions about blackness, in spite of special subordination of blacks in the Americas in 17th century, there is evidence where whites and blacks found themselves with common problems, common work, common enemy in their master. They behaved toward one another as equals. Laws had been passed after a while to forbid black and white relations. However, black and whites fraternized together anyway, indicating the strength of that tendency. Only one fear was greater than the fear of black rebellion in the new American colonies. That was the fear that discontented whites would join

black slaves to overthrow the existing order. This is when the ruling class declared that white men were superior to black men, and gave them benefits to ensure them of this. In 1705 a law was passed that required masters to provide white servants whose indentured time was up with 10 bushels of corn, 30 shillings and a gun. Once the white servant felt less exploited by taxation and began to prosper a little, he became less turbulent, less dangerous, more respectable. He could begin to see his big neighbor not as an extortionist, but as a powerful protector of their common interests. Meanwhile, the black slave was reduced to a condition of helplessness. (S)he was taught to know his/her place, to see blackness as a sign of subordination, and to destroy one's own personal need. This was done by hard labor, the break up of the slave family, religion, the power of law, the power of separation, and the power of brutal punishment.

Sexism is the oppression and putting down of womyn just because they are womyn, implying that they are of lesser importance than men. The state justifies the oppression of womyn to men so that it can exploit the sexual division in order to keep cost of producing future generations down by getting free child care and family maintenance. Womyn's position in capitalist economy is similar to that of the unemployed, together they form what Marx called "The reserve army of labor" which is used to reduce wages, destroy unity, and replace anyone who has been fired. Womyn nearly always are employed in low paid/part time/temporary jobs or as unpaid cooks, housewives, and child care workers. Whether someone is male or female should be of no importance. Biological differences are irrelevant. Because sexism is promoted by media and those in power, womyn are kept out of public life, media, politics and they become 'non' people, not worth consulting with. The very invisibility of womyn in US history, the overlooking of womyn, is a sign of their submerged status. Child care is crucial for womyn to be in the public life-yet it is considered a minor issue. Feminist objectives can be achieved by a wider social revolution. However, it needs to be recognized that womyn will need to organize separately at certain stages of class struggle. Its vital for them to overcome discrimination because of pressure involved in working in groups of mainly men, and thus mostly concerned with things that interest men. Womyn need their own organizations as well to gain the necessary experience to deal with public life and represent their own interests. Not separatism, just avoidance of becoming marginalized. Any revolutionary movement that denies or plays down the importance of womyn's freedom is useless to the struggle to build a better world.

Fascism is an extreme form of capitalism. It is super patriotism to the nation-state. The national identity is promoted by the working class and aims to get the working class to identify strongly with the state and the interests of the ruling class in order to oppress them more effectively and destroy opposition from within the class. Fascism is used to create strife among us.

For many of us to have any self esteem in this sick society we must feel like we are fighting back in some way. All that we want is housing with enough space for each person to have some privacy, good/healthy food and drink, worthwhile work, an unpolluted world, healthcare, the time to do 'our own thing', and education that is not brain washing. We need to retrieve the history of working class culture. We must take back our lives and realize that they have value. Personal is political. We need to understand ourselves as individuals and as a class. One should never detach self from class, one should watch out for fascists, and one must know that media will attempt to destroy rebels through black propaganda.

I want a world where my work and my community will be one. I believe that work is work is work whether you are a janitor, housewife, or surgeon. Work should be shared by the members of the community rather than timed by a clocking in or out. Borders should be destroyed so that there can be limitless travel, nothing being out of bounds to all people. There should be no class system, no government, just people. There should be a society where everyone plays their part in deciding what will be done. Money will be replaced by bartering, coupons, or tokens. No longer will people's worth be measured by how much money they have. We are good enough. The religions and capitalists tell us at every opportunity that we are 'bad' and cannot be left to our own devices. This lie is used to justify their position to us. (source:The Class War Struggle, The People's History of US, & Chomsky)

@NARCHY

"They pretended, perhaps they even believed, that they had seized power unwillingly, and for the limited time, and that just around the corner there lay paradise where human beings would be free and equal. We are not like that. We knew that no one ever seizes power with the intention of relinquishing it. Power is not a means; it is an end. One does not establish a dictatorship in order to safeguard the revolution; one makes the revolution in order to establish the dictatorship. The object of persecution is persecution. The object of torture is torture. The object of power is power"

-Orwell , 1984

I decided to do an article on @ because it seems to me that people either make fun of the theory of anarchism without even knowing what it is or shout slogans they don't understand. Anarchism is a large aspect of the punk scene and its ambiguous definition and lack of politics sometimes annoys me. Anarchism is one of the only political theories represented in American hardcore, and Americans seem so distanced from political affairs cause the political process doesn't really involve them.

The idea of anarchy is a society in which all individuals can do whatever they choose, except interfere with the ability of other individuals to do what they chose. Anarchism is the opposition to government in all its forms. But it would be a mistake to think of anarchism as negative. The opposition to government arises out of the belief about society which is positive. Anarchism is opposed to states, armies, slavery, the wage system, the landlord system, prisons, monopoly capitalism, oligopoly capitalism, state

capitalism, bureaucracy, meritocracy, theocracy, revolutionary governments, patriarchy, matriarchy, monarchy, oligarchy, protection rackets, intimidation by gangsters, and every other kind of coercive institution(i.e. government in all forms)

"Anarchism is the only philosophy which brings to man the consciousness of himself, which maintains that God, the State, and society are non-existant, that their promises are null and void, since they can be fulfilled only through man's subordination. Anarchism is therefore the teacher of the unity of life; not merely in nature, but in man." (Emma Goldman)

In the middle ages, people never wondered whether or not God existed; they just assumed, without ever considering the matter, that the existence of God was self-evident. In our time, people never ask themselves whether or not government is necessary; they just assume that the necessity is self evident. And when the anarchists question the need for government, many people fail to understand the question. Government was assumed to be necessary because it is assumed that people are not wise or altruistic enough to make their own decisions, and therefore, need a government to make decisions for them. The assumption behind this contention is, either the government does not exist of people, or that people in government are so wise and altruistic they can not only make their own decisions, but also make decisions for everyone else. But everyone can see that getting into power does not require wisdom or altruism; the essential qualification is to be keen on getting into power.

"Government of the people, by the people, for the people" is a poetic phrase which uses 'the people in 3 different senses: the people as a collection of individuals, the people as the majority, and the people as a single entity. In prosaic terms, it means power over individuals, exercised by the majority through its elected officers, for the benefit of the whole population. This is the ideal of democracy: for citizens to surrender their power periodically, to rulers chosen by majority voting. Anarchists are against the surrender of power, and therefore against the notion of a republic often labeled a democracy. They do not want people to give power to whoever they choose; they want people to keep their power for themselves.

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There are many different anarchists. First, some anarchists like to present anarchism by explaining the ideas and arguing their case. These anarchists are referred to as intellectualists. Other anarchists are impatient with argument, preferring blunt statements and calls for working-class action. These anarchists are referred to as workerists. Second, there is individuals anarchism and class-struggle anarchism. Individual anarchists emphasize the importance of individuals. Class struggle anarchists emphasize that the struggle against oppression can only be won by oppressed individuals working on their own behalf. Third, there are anarchists advocating revolutionary violence, and anarchists advocating pacifist anarchism. At one extreme are those who argue that the revolution can only succeed if it involves no violence whatsoever. They contend that a society established by violent defeat of bosses could only be maintained by violent suppression of x-bosses. Therefore, violence cannot lead to anarchism, but only to a change of bosses. At the other extreme are those who hold that any fighting between working class-people and the forces of authority, whatever the immediate motive and whoever wins, contributes to the revolution by showing that bosses can be resisted. There are several other anarchists groupings which I don't have the time or space to go into. Still, I'll list them here so you can research them on your own time. These are workers control vs. anarcho-syndicalism, religious vs. anti-religious, vegetarians vs. meat-eating anarchists, optimist anarchists vs. pessimist anarchists, communist anarchists, socialist anarchists, and anarchists for the absence of a banking system.

(source: Intro to @, Emma Goldman, "Anarchism: What it really stands for"))

The I.W.W.

The Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) sometimes called the "Wobblies," was a radical labor organization that took shape around 1905. In the preamble to its constitution, the I.W.W. proclaimed that "there can be no peace until the workers organize as a class, take possession of the resources of the earth and machinery of production and distribution, and abolish the wage-system." In other words, the workers in their collectively must own and operate all essential industrial institutions and secure to each laborer the full value of his produce.

The I.W.W. hoped to build an industrial union - one that would include all workers, skilled and unskilled alike. Its ultimate goal was a federation of industries owned by the workers. Like the Anarchists, members of the I.W.W. were implacable enemies of government and of the capitalistic economic system. They believed it was useless to try to secure reforms by the democratic process of voting and drafting new laws. Instead, they advocated direct action - violence in strikes, intimidation of employers, sabotage of capitalistic industry. Finally, like the communists, the I.W.W. preached revolution. The IWW was pitted against the whole profit-making system. It insisted that there can be no compromise so long as the majority of the working class lives in want, while the master class lives in luxury. For this they were persecuted, beaten, imprisoned, and murdered. Many IWW members were arrested without warrants, thrown into "bullpens" without access to attorney, denied bail and trail by jury, and some of them shot. Did any of the leading

newspapers denounce these acts as unlawful, cruel, or undemocratic? No. On the contrary, most of them indirectly praised the perpetrators of these crimes for their patriotic service!

Surely the demands of the IWW are just. It is right that the creators of wealth should own what they create. When shall we learn that we are related one to the other, that we are members of one body, that injury to one is injury to all? Until the spirit of love for our fellow-workers, regardless of race, color, creed or sex, shall fill the world, until the great mass of people shall be filled with a sense of responsibility for each other's welfare, social justice cannot be attained, and there can never be lasting peace on earth.
(source: American History text and Helen Keller)

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"I'm learning one thing good, " she said. "Learnin it all a time, ever'day. if you're in trouble or hurt or need - go to the poor people. They're the only ones that'll help. The only ones." The irony of this is the poor have the least money but they , like the ones they sacrifice for, know what its like to have nothing. There are several reasons a rich person will not do this. First, the rich person has a distorted view of what its really like to be poor and how one becomes poor. He tends to blame the victim. He doesn't realize that his riches came from good luck and having highly profitable skills. He might work just as hard as the poor person, but the labor of the poor person is worthless. Furthermore, the rich person probably started off rich so he used those resources to create more resources with very little work. Second, it goes down to this simple example. Lets say Sally is really popular. To continue her popularity she must associate with those just as popular, rich, and beautiful as her. If she were to take pity on a friendless dork, she may lose her popularity. The same thing goes for rich people. A rich person makes money off the backs of the poor. He pays them low wages and then sells them back the fruits of their labor at a profit. As a result, the poor person spends all his wages on buying back the fruits of his labor and never is able to save up and rise up in society. The rich person will not help him because that will cut away at his profits making him just as poor. This is not to say that giving away a little money is going to kill him. He has more money than he could ever spend, but once one gets to that level of prosperity, it isn't the goods he could buy but the power he attains. Also, if he were to pay his workers suitable wages, he would have much less money, and therefore, much less power. In order to keep his status as a rich guy, he must not be generous to those in hurt or need.

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It seems that no matter how pathetic(pathetic in terms of size or importance to the entire punk rock community) your scene seems to be, or how "community-equality" oriented your scene brags to be there are always leaders, always people one must aspire to emulate, talk to , or follow. This fact probably causes the most grief within the scene. Outsiders keep asking themselves,

"why can't they count me as one of their crew? Why aren't I in any of the pictures they take? Pictures taken of the scene include those considered substantial and disclude outsiders who only dream of this being their scene. So the question is: is it my scene or theirs? I'd like to think that the scene belongs to the kids themselves, but I am constantly faced with these contradictions. It seems that its more like the world we are part of. People gain jobs, positions of prestige, housing situations, and cars by the people they know. Friends are given special importance. Inadequacies and crimes of the authorities are forgiven or justified by their friends and comrades because these friends and comrades hope those powerful people will share their authority and prestige with them. Its just not fair that society forgives the misdeeds of the powerful. Especially when the misdeeds of the powerful effect the most people.

The scene itself should get away from the power play, the name dropping, the intimidation of newcomers, and the egotistic attitudes, away from the same system that has oppressed them and forced them to

look for something more. We are victims of our culture, but we don't have to be. We can fight that culture and become the survivors, bring hope to all those marginalized by a hierchal structure. Hope to people like me. Even hope to those who must constantly maintain their notoriety in their "scenster's scene".

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There is a rule among most punk rockers, an unwritten rule about staying within your scene for friends, acquaintances, or lovers. Its like those kids try to preserve some shallow punk lifestyle. As a result they isolate themselves from society. I think this attitude is very negative to the scene as a whole because it gives justification for exclusionism, and attitudes such as "I'm punker than you." What the hell does that mean? Does it mean I have more punk toys than you? Does it mean I've been punk longer? Does punkness really hold that much materialistic shallowness and ageism? Punk is a very ambiguous term; it can mean any number of things.

This isolationist attitude makes the scene extremely boring. Its like the punks are reaching for perfectionism, and such a marketable lifestyle that it could be sold on TV. If we only can sit around talking about marketable shallow punk things with one another, if we constantly surround ourselves with the same things; what elements do we really bring to our scene but the high school attitude we try so hard to escape.

Isn't it the craziness of life: the drug addict talking to you about her AA group on the way to the welfare office; hanging out with your homosexual friends at a gay bar; baby-sitting your best friend's daughter, having your motorcycle gang friend take you to the TV/VCR repair shop to buy a used VCR; or talking about books and the second world war with the seventy year old x-beatnik in the cafe. These things are like the wind that whips underneath your skirt as you walk down the street on a hot day. These imperfections create perfection in your life.

What is punk? Punk to me is anything but marketable or perfect looking. You can't sell it at a store because it isn't a commodity. It is a way of being. To me, punk is an expansion of your mind and world, attempting to live the experience of every person you encounter; black, white yellow, female, male, homosexual, Christian, Buddhist, ect. and realizing that you are the poor oppressed drug addict black man on the streets, you are the single mother who can't get child care, you are white trash, you are niggers, you are the gay man that isn't hired because of his sexuality, you are the old man taking a social security check of $400 a month and spending $380 on his house payment and $20 on dogfood for himself. You are each and everyone of these people and so am I. It is this attitude towards life, this love for the insanity that humans and animals create among each other that makes punk count for everyone.

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A black man sits on top of a old red car. He looks across the street with this sort of

hostility. His hat is tipped over slightly and his slouched posture rises up as he see my mother's car drive up. The red car, his car, is standing on my mother's driveway. My mother attempts to drive in her driveway but this red car is in the way. She gets out of the car questioning why the man couldn't understand that he was trespassing on private property. My mother might think the only way to win this argument would be to call the police. Of coarse, the act of calling the police only further establishes her as one of them, not one of the community. Of coarse, there seems to be no way a white person can become an integral part of a black community, but they can get to the point where they are respected.

My mother once understood why the black man sat on the car with such hatred, but the hatred itself only makes her angry now. So angry that attempting to find a resolution is out of the question. She must keep face. She must show that she is superior. But there the black man sits. Across the street he is looking at her as she goes from building to building to building, and he thinks to himself,

"Boy, I bet she doesn't even realize how beautiful that building is. I bet she can't even go to visit all those units or all those tenants that she has" He thinks what he could do with just one of those apartments. How his kids could live. He is looking over and he is considered wrong. Wrong for the need. Yes, my mother's property is not his and this is not his neighborhood because he only rents there, but how can my mother realize how that feels. If you live somewhere your whole life, why isn't it yours? But he is not alone. In the night, groups of twenty sit on the swings in the park or on the bench in the basketball court and make an agreement. It is easy to combat one person. It is easy to destroy one, but 20. What if the 20 won't scare? What if these 20 black guys are armed too? What if their children are? The lombards in Italy. the Germans in Gaul. The Turks in Byzntium. The French in Bastillion.

These are loud hungry, ill-armed hordes and the legions could not stop them. Slaughter and terror could not stop them. How can you scare a man who has seen terror worse than any terror you have shown him?

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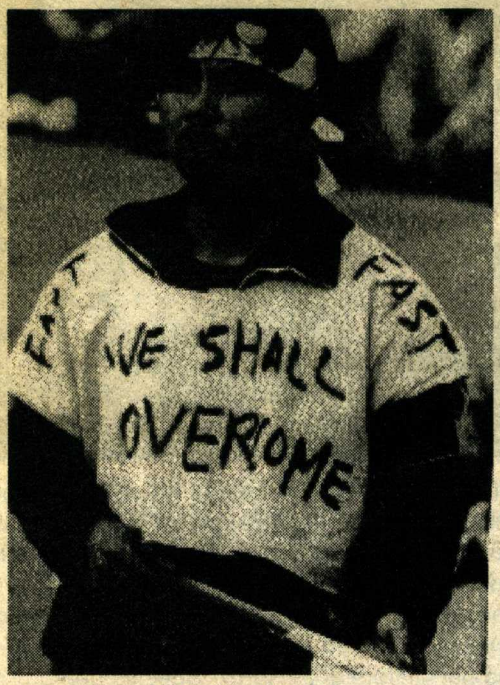
Why do media and the news programs linger on the crimes of this nation's people? Why are there shows focusing primarily on police men catching disobediant criminals? Its almost like the US and its citizens thrive from this fear. This fear creating distrust, fear, and hatred among groups, making it harder to get along. How can different groups unite if they are scared to approach one another. If approximately 95% of crimes are between private parties closely related to eachother and 80% of all violence is domestic, why are we made to be afraid of strangers? It seems to me that we should be more afraid to upset those who are close to us. Yes, humans have an instinct for violence, but we are not all psycholpaths, nor should we be treated as such. Every time you get in your car, its possible to get in an accident, but do you just stay in your house, afraid to go anywhere because you might die? No. Does the news constantly show people dying in car accidents? No. They would lose automobile sponsors. Therefore, They talk about criminals. Its harmful for them to make us afraid of our cars, but benificial to make us afraid of eachother because it keeps us in our houses lonely, resulting to TV as the only entertainment. .

The existence of illegal crime is presented as a justification for the state. The state, established by force and maintained by repression determines what is *legal* . A doctoral state will legalize genocide, even of its own population. As an anarchist, I still believe that crimes such as rape, anti-social murder, exploitation, governmentism, imposition of authority onto another by force are no more anarchist thoughts and actions than eating pork chops is vegetarianism. So in writing this article on crime I am not advocating these acts. People who rape, murder, and exploit are usually unconnected individuals taking a cheap and easy way out of their immediate poverty and are a pest to society. They are petty authoritarians, showing their strength(collective) against weakness (individual). However, according to the state, what these 'petty authoritarians' are doing is not as bad as treason or subversion. For these 'crimes', the harshest penalties are exacted. There is a huge difference between how the media, police, and courts would treat a bunch of libertarians who lift wallets in order to raise funds to destroy the military machine compared to how the media, police, and courts would treat a non-political pest. The libertarians would be a 'dangerous criminal conspiracy.' Not only would these libertarians be major criminals, but the whole libertarian movement would be deemed responsible.

The world is full of strife, war, misery, injustice, crime, exploitation, forced poverty, oppression, rulers, governors, and humiliators of all sorts. Specific persons pose serious limitations on our freedom every day because they wish to use us as an instrument of their freedom. They surround us with their power and forbid freedom. They construct ideas legitimizing their acts. They teach us their values: private property, hierarchy, authority, nationalism-racism, and competition. They make it in each person's interest to uphold the political economy which benefits only them. As we come to understand this reality, we must question how it has occurred and continues. Each of us desires health and well-being for ourselves and others. Each of us hopes to minimize the degree of fear, anguish and insecurity experienced each day. Each of us does not wish to be ruled, controlled, humiliated, or exploited by others.

All law, authority, and institutions of the state are based on force, violence, and the fear of punishment. Wherever you look in our society, you will find the subtleties and grossness of violence. At home, school, office, factory, or field, there is authority directing, ordering, compelling obedience. It is in this atmosphere of force, invasion and violence, authority and obedience, of duty, fear and punishment, that we have all grown up. We now live each day with our teeth on edge, our souls split. We have become so steeped in the spirit of violence that few rarely stop to question whether violence is morally wrong or right. So, by the acceptance legal and administrative authority and the state, most people simply ask only if the violence is legal, whether the law permits it. Violence is not a question of what is right or wrong, moral or immoral. People have removed so much violence from the conscience that many no longer question the right of the state to kill, to confiscate, to imprison, or to invade personal choice at every level of tension.

On the other hand, if a individual committed the same acts which the state and its agents are doing all the time, (s)he would be branded a criminal. As long as the violence is lawful, it is approved and people submit to it. So it is not really the use of violence that is objected to, but



to persons using violence unlawfully.

If you do not believe that controlling, governing, managing, exploiting, humiliating, and killing are effective means for securing our freedoms then you must recognize that you must cease to engage in these activities, must radically alter your values, and must begin to search for and develop non-hierarchical living arrangements wherever possible. When one employs these beliefs, one protests against the interests, ideas, beliefs, and realities of persons who have power and who are willing to destroy persons to fix the addiction pangs of power. To engage or challenge these beliefs, of coarse, meets resistance. Tremendous efforts of control, management, and legitimization must burst forth to contain a person's resistance to being controlled, managed, exploited, and robbed. To work within neo-capitalist institutions, to produce capital, to maintain a symbolic system that destroys life is to be robbed of the value of being human and any meaningful relationship. To believe in private property and its institutions of mystification is to allow the earth, its natural resources and ourselves to be owned and enslaved. To obey authority - parental, priestly, statist, and legal - is to deny the possibilities of one's personal experience, one's freedom to be present in the universe. To allow hierarchy, authority, private property, and competition to persist is to ensure the continuance of a struggle among persons of different sexes, races, ages, classes, nations, -everyone.

Prisoner's Letters

Hi Carissa,

Forgive me for taking so long to write and thank you for the copy of SFI and answer your questions. September was the month from hell and I'm just now trying to catch up on my correspondence. You asked me about my feeling on America's drug policy and what percentage of the prison population is incarcerated for drug related crimes...America's drug laws are draconian and utterly absurd. Many, many prisoners incarcerated for drugs are serving longer sentences than those serving time for murder or rape. The average drug sentence is around 10 years. The average murder sentence served is 8 years and average rape sentence served is 3 years. Statistically 65% of Federal prisoners are imprisoned for drugs (and of those 65% half of them are non-violent, first time offenders). America has over one million people incarcerated in prisons or jails, on home confinement, or on probation or parole. There are 105,000 people serving time in America's Federal prisons (65, 000 + for drugs). The population of America's state prison is right around one million.

I'm serving a 20 year, non-parolable, Federal sentence for "conspiracy to posses with intent to distribute" a mixture or substance containing a detectable amount of LSD. My case involved 1 gram of LSD. I've been in prison for over five years and have many more years to serve until my release in the year 2010.

Take Care, In peace, Todd Davidson #13660-018 PO Box 8000 Bradford, PA 16701

Dear Carissa,

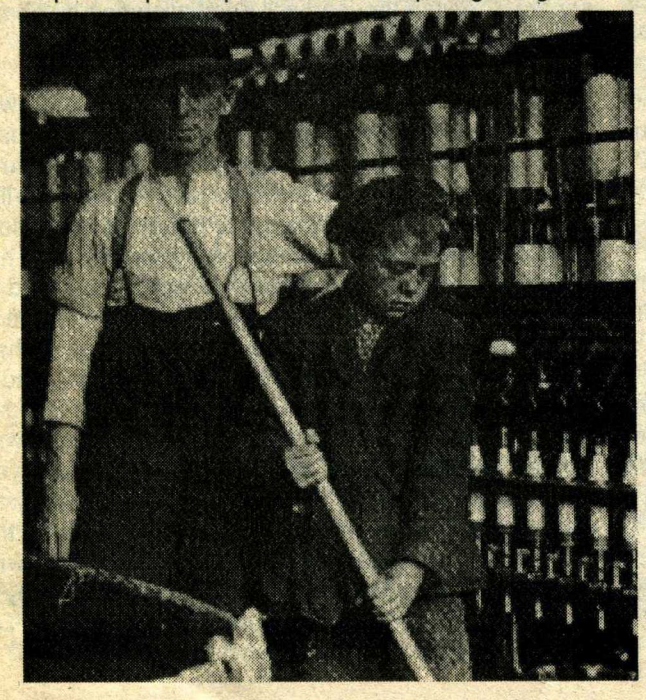
Hi, Thanks for the issue of S.F.I and your note requesting my thoughts on the prison system. I will gladly speak on that issue and more. I would have written sooner but the censor room(mail room) sent your publication to the Publication Review Committee(PRC) in their usual fashion of harassment and also I'm currently working on a lengthy pamphlet which will give prisoners the knowledge on how to defeat the criminal justice system.

I'm 26 years old doing 30 years for second degree burglary - a non-violent offense, and I have served since February 12, 1991. I currently reside at the notorious Iowa State Warehouse in cell house 220 which is a control unit where I ponder my days within a 12 by 7 foot cell 24 hours a day. As of this date, I have been confined to this cell house for five years and prisoncrates have made it so that I don't discharge until 2027. The reason I have not gone insane is I'm too strong to let the system defeat me. —- Hey, lock yourself in your bathroom for a couple of years and you'll get the idea of how it feels to be confined to a small space for so long—-

The reason prisoncrates have confined me to this dungeon is that I'm rebellious toward the system. I'm a socialist with the knowledge on how prisoncrates use certain techniques to suppress the prisoners so they can keep control of these slave camps. They are afraid I might organize my fellow prisoners, and I would in a second. The control unit where I reside is a prison within a prison used to confine those prisoners who are a threat to the prisoncrates continued total control of the prison population. For the most part, these units are filled with jail house lawyers, revolutionary minded prisoners, organizers, and the mentally ill. The state knows by inserting prisoners which are insane between those who fight against the system destroys any likelihood of organization. We eat in our cells. There's no education, counseling, religion, just my enemy boredom. On the other hand, we are allowed to exercise in a 8' by 30' dog pen, though this right might be taken away because Bill Clinton signed oppressive legisla-

More and more prisoners appeared in the R-2 infirmary with cysts. Massive acne appeared on elderly men; cartilage-like balls grew on hands, necks and faces, as previously mentioned. In two cases intestines exploded. Hard, sore cysts developed in my ears that never came to a head and after expressing my belief to the doctor that the were caused by Vita Pro, I was transferred to another unit, where a new and unneeded piece of cartilage grew in my other ear.....

The disappointing fact of Texas politics in the last two decades is that we elect senators, representatives, and governors because they'll destroy the powerless, not for any real statesmanship. It was the political attitude of "doing mean things to people in cages," drummed up by the media, that led to the waste and corruption and eventually to Vita-Pro usage. When the Ann Richard's administration pushed through $3 billion in prison bonds in four years, the prison bureaucrats in Huntsville had never imagined such a boon. Pay raises all 'round for buddies of Andy Collins, then director of the TDCJ-ID: William McCray, top financial officer of TDCJ-ID, a $9,200 bonus; Larry Kyrle, director of prison industries, a $14,481 annual raise; David McNutt, the #2 financial officer, an $18,733 raise; and after dividing up the loot, Andy resigned and became a Vita-Pro consultant, although he did quit amid the allegations. Then there's the $9 million in unneeded fencing sitting in a warehouse; housing subsidies for state employees, especially relatives. Prisons appeared everywhere and almost out of thin air, from 27 in 1990 to 141 prisons and detention centers; from 48,000 to 145,000 beds, some of them going unused and requiring a criminal creation package in the legislature. IC McNallie, vice president of Hensel-Phelps construction company says that the new prisons amount to little more than barns outfitted with dormitory beds," that are made to last 10 years. And of course, the 36 metric tons of inedible Vita-Pro initially to be received monthly, and the all expenses paid trips to sell the surplus garbage when the light of truth began to shine.



If one lives long enough in Texas, one may see a most rare example of political etiquette commonly known as spitting in the soup. In this case, Andy Collins "got on down" in Texas Monthly (May '95). Regardless of the fact that state and federal authorities were hot on every trail of lost millions and sweetheart deals, Mr. Collins deserves an award for coming clean and spitting at the same time, and without him, we really wouldn't have gotten to peek behind the curtain despite the press's honest (and rare) reporting of the corruption.

Collins called the Vita-Pro investigation ridiculous, saying the real scandal at the department was the explosion of prison construction and the incredible number of prison beds going unused. "It was the stupidest thing the state of Texas has ever done," Collins said of the massive prison expansion program. "The public was absolutely hoodwinked into thinking that the only way the crime problem could ever be solved was prosecution and incarceration. "

Savor those words. Such truth is rarely uttered in public. and skip soup.
pob 1678 Cleveland, TX 77328

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Every weekday on the way back from my new corporate job I see two children follow their mother into the bus. On this particular day, both had received brand new notebooks for school. Once the three of them were on the bus, the children were fighting about who would get to sit next to momma. Momma coarsely grabbed the older of the two and made her sit next to her. The children try so hard to gain the mother's attention, but they were unsuccessful. The mother was tired and angry. You could tell just by looking at her, how most of her gestures were filled with aggression and hatred. The kids seemed like a burden to her, but they were cheerful, despite their mother's negative disposition. The younger child sat next to an old woman. The old woman gave the child a smile, a smile overflowing with hope. This child sang a song to herself. Over and over she reiterates the same line, never advancing to the next verse. The old woman. The young mother.

The old woman saw something the young mother was not capable of seeing. She saw that the children she was looking at so blissfully are the future, and that every resource must be vested upon them. But the young mother didn't see this. All she saw was that she lacked the freedom she once had, and the resources to give her children something better. The bus was approaching the discount grocery store - there were gates all around the front doors to keep the baskets from being stolen. Three chil-

dren were racing up to the doors to buy candy. The shortest of the three was winning. Her long black braids were beating against her neck as she raced past the others to win her prize the quickest. These images were bringing tears to my eyes. I began to miss the job at Head start where I could offer the world something back, maybe make improvements, but I don't know if I was interfering with something I could never understand or improving something that was so far gone, it was impossible to improve.

Head start is a education program made specifically for poverty stricken children which gets them ready for kindergarten and grade school. I was the lead teacher and director of my Head start facility and I had four classroom assistants. I have a bachelors degree in child development and my classroom assistants have a high school diploma. One of the classroom assistant's name was Ms. Henderson and the other was Ms. Rudolph. Ms Henderson was extremely overweight, so much so that she had trouble walking. I think if I were to take a picture of her. She would probably be eating in that picture. She was constantly eating. The only time she put her food down was to scream an order at a child. She was in a pretty bad mood while I worked with her because just recently her husband revealed to her that he had a child from another woman in the distant past. The child is a teenager now and his mother is a drug addict, so he came to live with his father and his new wife. Ms. Henderson seems very bitter about this situation and refuses to talk to her stepson. Every so often, she would get into those crazy energetic good moods. When this happens, she will run across the room telling the children she is gonna rip their eyes out. She chases these screaming children throughout the room till she starts to lose wind, sits down, and has another snack. She can be pretty nice to me and helpful. Although I almost cringe when I hear her threatening to hit one of the kids with a ruler, walking back and forth with a yellow plastic ruler and smacking the children briskly whenever they stepped out of line. She would never talk with the children on a one-on-one basis. She only would talk to them as a group, screaming orders, or telling them how bad they are. These things she did made her seem so ignorant to me. However, even if she was ignorant doesn't mean she lacked analytical thought. Sometimes she will put forth statements

about racism or teach the children and I will think to myself,

"This woman possesses things I will never be able to posses." Then there was Ms. Rudolph who often amazed me in the same ways. She was an older woman in her 50s who was quite fat and thought she was really sexy. She would wear these tight outfits with wigs to conceal the fact that she had no hair left. She was very lazy. She would sit in the back of the room doing nothing but preach Ms.Henderson and I while we did all the work. Her big thing with me was that I was too much of an intellectual, was too affectionate with the kids, and treated them as my equal. She wouldn't threaten to hit the kids as often as Ms. Henderson, she used other ways to manipulate them. This was usually through humiliation, fear, or getting the parents to hit them.

I got paid minimum wage just like my classroom assistants, and I believe this is the reason why they can't get educated people to come work at Head start, to really give the children a 'Head start'. The womyn who work at Head start are over worked, underpaid, and they basically treat this job like they're working at McDonalds. I guess I will start off by telling what events took place to make me leave Head start. It was a cold Tuesday morning, and as I walked in the door the kids all ran up for hugs. They could be so sweet sometimes that they made up for all the times they've got me chasing them across the room.

By the end of the day, James Draper's mother approached me about an assignment I gave James. James didn't answer any of the questions I asked him even though he knew the answers. Mrs. Draper kept asking me why this was, right in front of my classroom assistants. I went through a bunch of my theories on positive reinforcement and

then, addressed the fact that my teachers rarely used this opting to use intimidation instead. My classroom assistants were freaking out. They couldn't believe I had the nerve to say this. They kept saying,

"Intimidation, Intimidation. I wish, maybe the kids will do what we want." That statement was enough to prove my point, but I went further into their use of threats and violence. I got so upset I said,

"I quit!!" Mrs. Smith, the assistant to my supervisor, became alarmed by this and called my supervisor, Ms. Fletcher. The phone was given to me and Ms. Fletcher asked,

"What is going on down there?" I told her that the other teachers and I have extreme conflicts in teaching style, and I couldn't handle it anymore. Ms. Fletcher told me she didn't want me to quit so instead of coming to my Head start, I should go to her office tomorrow morning. In the meantime, I could just go home. I was crying as I spoke to her and as I walked out the door, I heard Ms. Henderson screaming more and more insults at me. I went to mom's house afterward and she consoled me, telling me that from the time she went there, she was capable of understanding what I was telling her. She would tell me that the way those womyn treat those kids is by no means a 'head start.' Their emotional needs were not being cared for: plain and simple. How could one expect them to learn and improve their intellect without the care of their emotional needs? Would I put my own child into a program like that? All the things that bothered me about that place had so much to do with the differences between my background and theirs, but what I have to know is how can children, black or white, rich or poor, enjoy being treated this way? Don't they experience emotions in similar ways no matter where they come from? Why are these children considered so different? Don't they deserve more?

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They say that each person matters. That each person is responsible for our world and that there lies in each person's hands the chance to make a difference. I may not make very much money at my job at Head start, but I change lives. Already, I am beginning to see the effects, whether the participants in my progressive push understand it or not. But I am not trying to push the foundations of their workplace, their child raising skills, their culture, to make them like me. Rather, I am doing it to save them. Everyday I feel like walking out of that door and giving up on everything and everyday the kids, the parents, even my CO-workers, give me reasons to stay. I am making a difference. I am changing people's lives in small progression, one-at-a-time. But isn't it better that way? You can't change everyone at once because everyone doesn't fit into that mold. You must work slowly one by one. Any person can make a difference, all (s)he has to do is make a choice.

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My friend Paul once told me that he always had a problem in our friendship because everyone at Ciceros, an indie rock bar in St. Louis where lots of punk bands played, thought I was this big friek. Paul did sound at this place, and every so often I would come and visit him. The crowd of usual customers would talk about me constantly. The bartender Ryan Small referred to me as dumbdumb, which is kind of ironic since he is an alcoholic bartender not doing anything useful with his life. Then, there was the sandwich incident. I once pulled out a homemade sandwich from my bag. The people at Ciseros were so overwhelmed that I had the audacity not to buy fast food and to eat it in a non-eating situation, that they talked about this occasion for weeks. Do these people have anything else to talk about ? Have these people ever seen anyone different in their lives?

It is possible that Paul is lying about this just to fuck with me(something which is typical of him, sort of a pity

since 89% of what he says I cannot believe), but even if he wasn't I wouldn't be surprised if these people were that stupid. Paul's x-girlfriend, Simone, is part of this clique. She claims that she doesn't like me because I have no personality. What I want to know is how can someone who is a freak have no personality? I thought a freak is full of personality. Maybe she means I have the wrong personality.

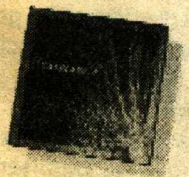
As Paul is telling me this all my high school insecurities come back and I begin to cry hysterically. Making an impression of a weirdo has always been my greatest flaw in attaining friends and my most important attribute in my perspective on life and in writing. It was as Paul and I agreed upon: if you are different than everyone else, you can't have hang-ups about those who are different than you cause everyone is different. You have to be accepting of differences. So much so, that you don't even observe them. Everyone from the bum on the street, to the millionaire, to the battered wife acts how you would if you were in their situation. One isn't born weird, (s)he learns to be that way, (s)he copes with situations by acting that way. You have to wonder why people have this mentality, but when you look for an answer it really isn't that difficult. Competition is enforced in this society. You must be a certain way to win. If you rebel or if you just happen to have life situations carrying you into these reactions, you lose. With competition there is always a loser. As long as there is a loser, we all lose. Also, misunderstanding is catered to with violence, dark humor, and institutions who disperse ridiculous answers(i.e. the church). People don't want to tax their mind thinking about

these things, and the energy they don't use trying to find an answer is transformed into aggression or hatred.

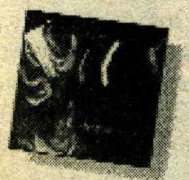
I wanted to tell my new boyfriend about this conversation, but he has never been through this alienation. The things he's heard about me from some members of the Minneapolis scene seem to make him question my sanity. My reactions to an abusive relationship and utter loneliness did not match the reserved, emotionless, jolly people I saw at shows in Minneapolis, but they will never be able to see through my eyes. They say mean things and they never question why they say them. Do they do this because they suffer and suffer themselves? Are there days they wake up and feel a little better, thinking they are finally gonna have a good day, but then as they walk outside they see others suffering? Others such as myself. Does this make them angry with me?

I got on with my life when I was ready to get on with my life, but people wanted me to get it together so they can have the illusion that things can go back to the way they were before. My inability to put on the marage of blithe made them realize that they cannot control anything in their lives. It seems that I will never live down these events in Minneapolis. I would of been re victimized by my past over and over if I would of not moved away from there. The people there couldn't let the imperfections in my personality alone. These imperfections hurt them too much. This is the reason I will never go back to Minneapolis, but I can't say that St. Louis is too different, or anyplace I would go to escape the hatred and ignorance. I guess no matter where you go you never escape from who you are.

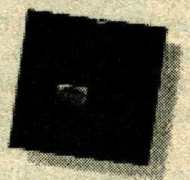
New on Initial.



Slugfest.

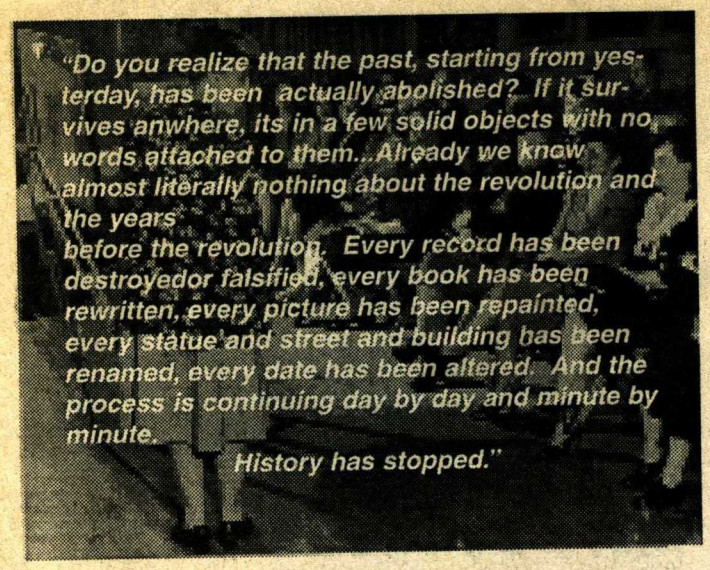


Despair.



Elliott.

po box 17131 louisville, KY 40217. 7" $3.50, css $4, cd5 $6, cd $9


"Do you realize that the past, starting from yesterday, has been actually abolished? If it survives anywhere, its in a few solid objects with no words attached to them...Already we know almost literally nothing about the revolution and the years
before the revolution. Every record has been destroyedor falsified, every book has been rewritten, every picture has been repainted, every statue and street and building has been renamed, every date has been altered. And the process is continuing day by day and minute by minute.
History has stopped."

There are two models of society: the dominator model and the partnership model. In the dominator model, one-half of society is ranked over the other. In the partnership model, diversity is not similar to inferiority or superiority. A dominator society is most reflected by patriarchy. In a patriarchy, true masculinity is equated with violence and dominance. This does not mean men are inevitably violent and warlike. Its just that in male dominated societies, anything associated with femininity was secondary, or womyn's issues to be addressed, if at all, only after 'more important' problems have been resolved.

One obvious reason for this may be that history, literature, philosophy, religion, psychology, and countless other subjects fail to see that humanity consists of two halves: male and female. Relations between these halves have the most fundamental effect on how other relations evolve. Male/female relations have a profound effect on our institutions, values, and the direction of our cultural evolution.

The world didn't always follow the dominator model. There was a time when the power of the Goddess was equal to that of the God. A time when womyn and children were sacred. A time where public works were stressed and a good standard of living was guaranteed to all. There was a time where the powers to give and nurture were supreme.

You are probably asking yourself,

"Carissa, how could people want to move from a partnership model to a dominator model?" After all, the old mind would be totally unsuitable to function within the dominator system. Of coarse people didn't want the shift of systems. For a time, they were held in check by brutal force and threat. But in the long run, nothing short of complete transformation of the way people perceive and process reality would do. The process was, sometimes brutally and sometimes subtly, sometimes deliberately, and sometimes unwittingly, remolded into the new kind of mind required by this drastic shift in our cultural evolution. It was a process that entailed enormous physical destruction that continued well into historic times. As we can still read in the Bible, the Hebrews, and later the Christians and Muslims, raised temples, cut down sacred groves of trees, and smashed pagan idols. It also entailed massive spiritual distruction, again a process that continued well into historical times. Not only through book burning, but through the burning and persecution of heretics, those who did not perceive reality in the prescribed way were killed or tortured.

As characteristic of the dominator societies, technologies of destruction were given the highest priority. Not only were the strongest and most brutal men highly honored and rewarded for their technical prowess in conquering and pillaging, material resources were now increasingly channeled into even more sophisticated and lethal weaponry. As technological evolution picked up again, following the standstill or regression of invasion times, the quality of goods and other material accumulations increased. But their distribution changed. Crete had stressed public works and a good standard of living for all. Now, as better technologies increased, the production of material goods, the bulk of this new wealth was appropriated by the men on top with only leftovers for their subjects. For now, force and threat of force determined the channels of economic distribution. Ranking was the established principle of social organization. Beginning with the ranking of the physically stronger male half of humanity over the female half, all human relations would conform to this mold.

Still, force could not be constantly used to exact obedience. It had to be established that the old powers that ruled the universe - as symbolized by the life giving chalice - had been replaced by newer and more powerful deities in whose hand the blade was now supreme. And to this end, one thing above all had to be accomplished: not only her earthly representatives -women- but the Goddess herself had to be pulled down from her exalted place.

Directly, through personal coercion and indirectly, through intermittent social shows of force such as public inquisitions & executions, behaviors, attitudes, and perceptions that did not conform to dominator norms were systematically discouraged. This fear conditioning became part of all aspects of daily life, permeating child rearing, laws, schools, and most importantly, spiritual education. The priests who now spread what they said was the divine word-the word of God-that had magically been communicated to them-was backed up by armies, courts of law, and executioners.

In some middle eastern myths this is accomplished by a story of how the Goddess is slain. In others, she is subdued and humiliated by rape. Another common device was to reduce the Goddess to the subordinate status of consort(wife) of a more powerful male god. Still, another was to transform her into a martial deity like the male god. At the same time, many of the functions formerly associated with female deities were reassigned to Gods. As a result, female decent and history vanished.

If we read the bible as normative social literature, the absence of the Goddess is the single most important statement about the kind of social order that the men who over many centuries wrote and rewrote the religious document strove to establish and uphold. For symbolically, the absence of the Goddess from the officially sanctioned Holy scriptures was the absence of a divine power to protect

womyn and avenge the wrongs inflicted upon them by men. In the Judeo Christian bible is a network of myths and laws designed to maintain, impose, and perpetuate a dominator system of social and economic organization. Maidservants, concubines, wives, and their offspring were male property. The well known story of Abraham setting out to sacrifice his and Sarah's son Isaac to Jehovah dramatically illustrates that even the children of lawful wives were under men's absolute control. And, as the famous story of how Jacob purchased his wife Leah by working 7 years for her father illustrates, essentially, so were the womyn.

Since the woman was seen as a commodity her virtue became symbol of her worth. Laws which regulated female's virginity were designed to protect what were essentially economic transactions between men. The laws provided punishment for falsely slandering the man's reputation as an honest merchant. The laws also protected the father because the daughter could not be resold after she lost her virginity, and she became a worthless asset. The woman could only be an object, not a free human being because a woman who behaves as a sexually and economically free person is a threat to the entire social and economic fabric of a rigidly male dominated society.

Any rebellion against the authority of the ruling male priesthood and by Jehovah's direct command, men in general, was made a hideous sin. Both authoritarianism and male dominance were solidly justified by totalitarians, old and new: Don't think, accept what is, accept what authority says is true. Above all, do not use your own intelligence, your own powers of the mind to question us or to seek independent knowledge. For if you do, your punishment will be horrible indeed. Killing, brutal punishment, enslaving, raping, killing in war, even killing one's own brother did not bring about the fall of mankind but disobedience, an unauthorized, independent taste of what is good or evil did.

Goddesses were still worshipped in private in ancient Greece. Supposedly, there were womyn who met in groups and talked in unseemly ways indicating their 'wanting to be like men.' It is indeed likely that these womyn who met regularly with gatherings of womyn only and honored a female deity had retained their strong sense of female identity. Therefore, these private meetings gave the Greek womyn a sense of empowerment, something that womyn have lacked in most western cultures where the Goddess was completely expunged. Of equal interest are the indications of antiwar activists by womyn in ancient Greece. For example, the Greek play where womyn withdraw sexual favors till the men cease their wars. Greek historians like the Western historians tended to trivialize womyn's participation in history. They would either not include it or consider anything associated with womyn as secondary. Especially ignored were the activities of womyn working for equality and justice. These were extremely significant but we hear nothing about it.

We are told that as human beings we are 'ruthless, grasping, self-centered animals.' This justifies the view that human rankings based on force are 'natural' and therefore right. According to this view, there are in nature elements meant to rule and elements meant to be ruled. In other words, the principle that ought to govern social organization is ranking rather than linking. And as Aristotle explicitly stated,

"just as slaves are naturally meant to be ruled by free men, womyn are meant to be ruled by men. Anything else violated the observable, and therefore, the "natural order."

(source: Chalice & the Blade)

My mother's bed is always squeaky clean. It looks like one of those beds you see all made up with brand new linens in the department stores or Sears Catalogs. This time it was a white lace set. My mother is lying on the bed reading a Jane Austin book. She enjoys reading Jane Austin because she claims it takes her away from the sorted things she is forced to see everyday. There is Mozart's last symphony "Roquiet", meaning day of the dead, playing on the cd player. The music is beautiful and painful at the same time. My mother is explaining how she felt when Aunt Peggy died and the beautiful music was going with the words. The music seemed to increase the power of her words.

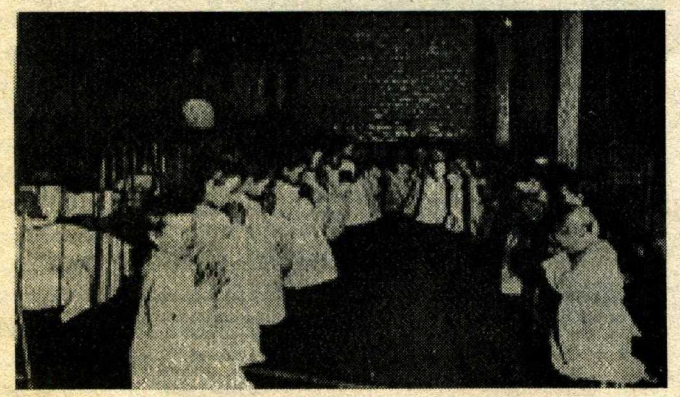
I could see in my mother's

head. I could see her in her night-gown on the day of Peggy's funeral while my father put on his coat and coldly said,

"my sister died, I have to fly to Texas." There my mom sat and Peggy's whole life flashed before her eyes. I was there. I was looking through my mother's eyes. I could see it all. I could see Peggy getting pregnant from Chan, some guy she met at a college party. I could see grandma forcing her to marry him. I could see her loveless marriage in a little house in a little town having orange juice in the morning, going to work, and coming home getting so drunk and passing out, or getting so drunk with friends and alot of phony conversation than go to bed. No comfort. No love. Nothing. So sad. My mom thought that was all America was when she first arrived herefrom the Netherlands at age 19. She thought all it was was phony conversation. She thinks no differently of it today.

I could see all the other women that Uncle Chan conned into sleeping with him. I could see Peggy when both her children died. So miserable she must have been to get her uterus and ovaries removed She must of hated any creature that arose from her loans, so much that she cut away half of herself. Maybe this way, she would have to feel the pain anymore. Then, she is so sick. So sick that she is wheeling around the house in a wheel chair. Back and forth she goes, and in the background you keep hearing Mozart's last symphony. There is funeral music always playing but she wasn't dead yet. But she is trying to scream out,

"I am hurting!" but no one could hear her. Was that damn music playing too loud or did they just not understand what 'hurt' meant?



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My youngest brother Eugene got kicked out of high school today. I wonder if it is because he sides with the plight of the underclass, homosexuals, and blacks. Is it because he didn't let the jeering of the Ladue county kids conform him? Is this a set up?

Our whole family extends themselves for those who are oppressed, not to adapt to a PC town, because we don't live in a PC town. We live in a racist town where ideals such as ours are hard to come by. Some people notice the racism and unfairness, like my friend Matt the other day. He works as a carpenter and a black man came up looking for a job. He knew the white guys he worked for wouldn't hire him, but he said nothing, and pointed in the direction he had to go. He hated seeing that guy be put through that situation, but he didn't want to confront what is undeniably everywhere. Mike says just the opposite. He said there was one black union member where he worked, and all the white guys couldn't stand him. They would go off on him constantly. One day, Mike told the black guy all the stuff the other guys said about him. The black guy didn't seem to care and refused to quit his job. He was probably glad to get a job in the first place that paid so well, despite the hatred and racism he faced everyday. He didn't want to know.

Matt and I said the same thing. We would rather not know what people think. Its easier that way. Mike said he would rather know. I really wouldn't. Truth is, I already know and I don't need it repeated again in someone else's words. They seem harsher than my own.

Anyway, Eugene and his gay friend Scott are being belittled by the school administration. They are being told they

are lesser persons than the rest of the school; that they don't come from the same class. They treated Eugene like a dirt-ball. What kind of message is this school teaching their boys? -intolerance, superiority. I guess their logic is that being 'superior' allows you to treat others badly because you shouldn't have to be mixed with them in the first place. This is not a lesson about human nature or life, it is the justification of hatred. The teachers and administration act more like teenagers than Eugene and Scott. Eugene has been destroyed by a school that causes his depression, inferiority, paranoia, suicidal behavior, skipping school, and bad grades. The school is responsible for this because of the behavior it condones, but Eugene is punished. Eugene is not allowed to graduate and they get rid of someone who makes it obvious how wrong they are.

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Female Prisoners

Prison is often the last stop for womyn who had very few options in their lives. Womyn who end up in the penile system often come from communities where unemployment is high, poverty is high, and the level of hope is very low. These womyn have a very difficult time moving through the prison experience and surviving in the streets.

Since 1980 the rate of incarceration for womyn has increased faster than the rate of incarceration for men. This is due, in part, to the growth of poverty and the trend toward imprisonment over probation. There is no evidence supporting the idea that feminism has resulted in womyn committing more violent crimes. Womyn's crimes have stayed the same; they are property -or poverty- related crimes such as petty larceny, fraud, receiving stolen property or shoplifting. Many prison administrators acknowledge that these womyn are not a danger to society. These prison administrators believe in alternative community-based placements for female offenders which is a better and cheaper way to house female offenders. The problem is there is no outside support for these programs for womyn. Womyn are often forgotten. Male inmates are more likely to riot. The reason for this is that there is little solidarity between womyn. Plus, these womyn are overburdened with their own problems: these including poor health and children. Last, womyn who challenge their sentences or speak up about conditions inside have to do it alone. As a result, they frequently face retribution in the form of negative parole recommendations, punishment, or denial of privileges.

The first step in doing something to change the way we cope with crime is to get educated about how the system works and how womyn live inside. If we continue to accept the myth that prison is a reasonable means to keep criminals off the streets(if not a means to rehabilitate wrong doers) and if we continue to imagine womyn prisoners as faceless hardened 'offenders,' the prison population will soar higher and higher. Prisons get away with flagrant

abuse, in large part because we don't try to see inside and therefore, can't speak up. The system depends on our lack of knowledge and consequent inability to act.

There are many forms of abuse that exist in womyn's prisons. One is overcrowding. Decrepit buildings now house three to four times as many prisoners as they were built for. Womyn, often in poor health and coming off drugs cold turkey, must share woefully inadequate toilets and showers. Prisons, bursting at the seems, are routinely understaffed and therefore unable to provide adequate healthcare. Other forms of abuse include denied reproductive rights, motherhood in prison, the daily insanity of prison rules, prison programs, vocational training, and getting out into the world.

Ten percent of womyn in US prisons are pregnant. Its nearly impossible for these womyn to get nutritious food, fresh air, prenatal care, or exercise in prison. In fact, pregnant womyn may be treated particularly badly because pregnancy is seen as disruption to normal routine and security. In many prisons, only 20% of pregnancies result in live births. Maybe this is because medical care and basic sanitation are the worst in disciplinary units, isolation cells, and maximum security cells where womyn can be locked up under 22 hour a day surveillance with little access to programs or exercise. Maybe this is because these womyn make a long trip to the hospital in a bumpy bus, shackled all the way up there, and under constant watch by the guard during the birth and afterwards. Its rediculous=the woman just delivered a baby! Where is she going to go? After the birth the mother is allowed to spend 48 hours with the child and then returns to prison to cope with the loss and grief alone. Many womyn in prison have to cope with the separation between them and their families. These womyn are often the caretaker of their children. In some states, a woman can lose permanent custody of her children after a year of separation on the grounds that

the mother is guilty of abandonment. Yet, she has been forced to stop taking care of her kids. Even when the children's caretakers are willing to bring the children to see the mother, the long distances they must travel make visiting prohibitive. The children who come to visit have to deal with 'traps'(locked doors, corridors, and metal detectors). These children are patted down like criminals. In a crowded visiting room where there is no privacy, and constant reminders of a institutionalized lifestyle, how can the child try to interact with his or her mother.

Other reproductive rights are curtailed for womyn inside, one being abortion. Few states provide Medicaid funds for poor womyn seeking abortion. As a result, these poor inmates must find a way to finance the abortion themselves which is nearly impossible because prison labor makes 35-75 cents an hour. In many instances, raising funds is so difficult that the mother goes into the and trimester. During the and trimester, the mother has to go through a far more dangerous and costly procedure performed in a hospital rather than a clinic. The worst of a bad system comes down on the woman not yet convicted, pregnant womyn, mentally ill womyn, and womyn who speak out for their rights and are branded trouble makers.

Less obvious, but equally destructive to womyn's mental and physical health, is the daily insanity of life behind bars. The bizarre bureaucracy of prisons means that the simplest request requires volumes of paperwork before it can be attended to. Womyn's prisons employ many more petty rules and regulations than men's prisons. Historically, womyn's prisons were established to turn rebellious girls into housewives or ladies. During the 50s, social institutions would work with female gang members. Instead of encouraging their independence, increasing their self esteem, or instilling hope into their bleak worlds filled with abuses, these social workers would try to turn them into passive ladies. The social workers would try to reach the gang girl believing that if they became ladies, male gang members will improve their behaviors in order to attain them. To make a long story short, this didn't work. Still, prison policy is guided by the notion that womyn can be 'corrected' by learning to conform with 100s of regulation not by becoming a vital citizen with worth and independence without the foolish idea that a man will save her. There are rules about bedtime, wash time, meal time, floor-sweeping time, and tooth brushing time. There are rules about what can be taped on which walls. Rules change daily and prisoners are not aloud to question them. Many of the rules seem more petty than cruel, but they serve to impress upon female inmates their powerlessness and keeps them anxious.

Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous are usually available in prisons, although meetings may be limited to once a week and are overcrowded. More comprehensive day programs are few. Those that are established within prisons by private agencies are so badly underfunded that they often fold within a year of opening, leaving participants with nowhere to turn and no follow-up. All programs in prisons are undermined by the prison environment. When womyn stop using drugs, for example, they may be flooded by emotions they have been hiding from for years. But prison is no place to reveal feelings. Emotional vulnerability is seen as a weakness by other prisoners.

Psychological counseling is hampered. To begin with, one prison psychologist may serve up to 250 womyn so it is impossible for long-term individual relationships to develop. All prison staff are warned not to become too interested in any individual and to always maintain their professional distance. Client-patient confidentiality is impossible in prison because the psychological staff works for the Dept. of corrections, and prisoners say they are afraid to talk openly. Often, the only person a prisoner can turn to is the one or two clergy who serve the population. Religion becomes the only outlet for emotional release and non religious womyn find themselves dependent on someone whose function is to espouse traditional Christian values.

The lack of useful, accessible educational programs is another example of a system that fails womyn. Many womyn in prison can neither read nor write, yet GED courses are not required in most prisons. Higher education is usually available only to women on minimum security status and the courses are limited. Education is seen as a privilege that can be taken away for 'bad' behavior. A woman who was disciplined for ironing in her nightgown, for example, was denied further access to education despite her excellent academic progress.

Vocational programs in prison, while inadequate for men, are much worse for the womyn. Despite a number of recent lawsuits that found women in prison face discrimination in terms of access to vocational training, little has been done to change the situation. Programs for women are still generally limited to sewing, cosmetology and other sex-stereotyped occupations that won't provide women with economic independence once they're released. As nearly all prisoners, womyn are made to work, often for just pennies a day, prison increasingly become big business. And the growing interest in contracting prisons out to private profit-making corporations ensures that prisoners will continue to be viewed as a vast pool of cheap labor power.

Every attempt a woman makes to turn her life around while incarcerated is thrawted by the system. Taking control of one's life is at odds with the workings of the system. When female inmates are released from prison, they face insurmountable odds. They have no money, no job, have lost ties with family and friends, and often are faced with trying to get their children back from foster care agencies.

The most important thing in my life: love

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"Why do you have to be this way?" he asks over and over and I feel like such a sinister person, evil beyond compare. But what can I do? For it is not my actions that bring about pain, it is the fact that I don't care. That I don't have feelings for him. It doesn't matter what you do or say to a person who doesn't care. I don't care if he likes me or loves me, or whatever. I don't care if I am kissing or fuck-

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ing other people in front of him. I don't care if he cries. The indifference causes the pain, not the actions themselves. Its that he wants me to love him and I don't.

*****

Over and over I am telling myself get away from this situation: run, hide, lie, scream, cheat, do anything just get out before you are destroyed. But still, I stand on the edge of the mountain waiting to jump, knowing it will destroy me.

You are my worst enemy. You are the monster that creeps around in the dark, waiting patiently to mawl me alive. You are cruelty. You see me as pure, good, and you don't care. You see my worth, but you try to buy it for a bargain. I hate you. Don't you see that? Don't you see that though my disgust for you turns me on sometimes, it usually leaves me feeling sick, drained, or just plain sad? I am deep, while you are shallow. What will result from this but me coming out with pain? What other solution is out there? You don't know me though you say you like everything about me. It seems like you don't even really want to know who I am because you want to preserve some sick fantasy of me. I don't want to tell you either because I know it will later be used against me.

What do I do? Do I end this now or later? nicely or with the hatred and disgust I feel so deep inside? What is it about you that compels me to remain in place? Am I simply curious? Am I developing feelings? Why can't I just walk away from this?

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It happened last weekend. A boy came down to my city and we had such interesting conversations. I felt like I didn't have conversations like these in months. I felt warm and comfortable around him. It was as if something gentle and kind took ahold of my heart only to watch it adamantly and understand its sacred identity. For the first time in years, I thought to myself,

"I could love this man." But could he love me? When you see perfection in another human being you often see your own imperfections. You think of reasons why they will reject, why you can't measure up. I always wished for a man like this, and now he is here, if only for just one moment. For just one moment, I was allowed to be captivated and to captivate someone

without borders, without lies, without secrets, and without expectations.

At that moment I fell helplessly into his arms and let him make love to me all day long. It felt so nice to be held, to be appreciated. It felt so nice to trust and believe in someone. I couldn't believe it happened even if this is just one weekend. Even if his lust for me dies, I am still happy I got to experience this again. For it had been so long since I had. It makes me realize that there isn't just one time for love.

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March 10th, 1997, is the night that one of my closest friends died. Mike Lake is dead. DEAD. I have to write the word over and over again just so I can believe it to be true. I am in utter shock. I keep thinking I'll hang out with him this weekend. This doesn't seem fair. He is only 25. He hasn't lived yet. I went to Mike's apartment on Monday March 10th with Matt and Mike's parents because we hadn't heard from him in a week. Mike will usually call and leave a message on Matt's answering machine every couple of days, but there wasn't a message. Furthermore, Mike had moved and didn't have a new phone. He lived in the Elsworth building on the 8th floor. There was no way Matt could get in. Matt became so concerned that he called Mike's parents, who didn't even know where Mike was living, to meet him at his apartment.

Mike had been diagnosed with a thyroid deficiency two years ago. A month ago he got extremely ill and Matt took him to the hospital. If Matt didn't take him to the hospital, he would of died. In the hospital he was diagnosed with diabetes. For some odd reason we could never convince Mike into taking that medication or eating properly. To this day, I can't understand why he refused to take that medicine. In taking that medication did he admit that he was sick? that he can be controlled by his body? did he want to die? why didn't that last visit to the hospital scare him? Mike is one of those people one will never forget. He had alot to do with the best times of my life through his humor, personality, strange insights, stories, music preferences, and style of dress. There hasn't been a friend I haven't talk about Mike. He will stand out among those who have influenced me.

Mike would do the funniest things imaginable wearing t shirts that said Horny on the front, playing hotel tag in the ritziest hotel in St. Louis w/ me, Matt, and my siblings, walking back n' forth in his apartment clicking his zippo till his neighbor John John went absolutely insane, turning the cross upside down in my hallway, singing A-men at the end of some crazy song he just made up, falling asleep to the television at top volume, it being so loud that his neighbor John John would turn the electricity off in the building in order to fall asleep, losing his job every five seconds, buying his dog off of a bum, and this list goes on and on. I remember the last night I hung out with Mike. We were at Denny's and he and Matt were throwing this play dough that they stole from Pepper at me. They rolled it into little balls and threw it at me all night. Well, until the big guy behind me began to get hit and Mike/Matt got scared. When we got back to my house Mike kept calling dating services pretending to be me. He would make up all these wild stories about me smoking pot, liking 40 year old bald guys, having two kids and wanting to kill them. He soon got bored with that so he called people claiming that their dog was in his swimming pool. When they would answer,

"I don't have a dog." He would reply back,

"Yea, because he's in my pool." This would go on for about ten minutes with each person till Mike would pretend to become convinced,

"Oh, you really don't have a dog." It was three in the morning and Mike and Matt didn't want to leave. The two always wanted to stay out forever and I would become very tired. This time they had it. The both of them jumped on top of me till I could no longer breath and was screaming for relief. I remembered every joke he

would tell. I thought they were so hilarious and original that I'd repeat them over and over to others. However, the jokes were never quite as funny when I would say them. There was something about Mike that made everything he say or did so amusing. He could make a sour, depressing, and miserable situation so funny.

Since we couldn't get into Mike's apartment we asked the neighbor to call the paramedics. When the paramedics came, they cut the bottom of the door out, crawled inside and as soon as someone said he saw a body,Mike's parents, Matt, and I were shuffled away to the elevators. When it was confirmed that Mike was dead I went to Matt and gave him a hug. We were crying into each others arms saying words of anger and disbelief for twenty minutes. Mikes mother was saying,

"Why did God have to give him to me if he was only gonna take him away? "Mike's body was found in such bad condition that they wouldn't let the parents identify the body. He probably died on his mother's birthday. She was so disturbed by this she kept crying, "Why did you have to take my only baby on my birthday?" For the next two hours I would hear the silence of Matt, the tears of Mike's mother, and the insults of the police men. I could hear them from Mike's apartment. They were making fun of his clothes, and lifestyle. They would later ask if Mike was a homosexual. I couldn't understand how they could be so loud and blatant about this. How you have respect for the living, for the concept of life itself, if you treat someone like this on their death bed.

The funeral was a couple days later. It was the opposite of everything Mike liked; very religious, and nationalist. His mother gave a speech thanking Mike's friends (us) for all our help and support. Obviously she knew how important we were to him, and that we knew Mike better than 90% of the people at the funeral. , Mike Pauly, John John, Chris Anderson, and Dave Claiborne were the pallbearers. It must of sucked having to carry that coffin. I had seen so many people I hadn't seen for ages at the funeral. I swear I never laughed and cried so much in one day. The stories about mike, the jokes he told us made us laugh uncontrollably, till we recalled he was gone, then we would begin to cry.

Since Mike's death, Matt has been sleeping at my apartment. I couldn't have it any other way. Mike's death is a major tragedy in Matt's life. As a friend, I couldn't see Matt living far away in his house without plumming on the edge of South City. Matt didn't really have anyone but Mike. He had no girlfriend, no other friends, and his family is estranged from him. Since I live in a tiny studio with hardwood floors, I allowed Matt to sleep in my bed with me. This drove my boyfriend absolutely insane. He would be very frustrated with me even though I insisted that my relationship with Matt has never been sexual. After suffering numerous arguments with the boyfriend and asked my sister if Matt could stay with her for a week or so to calm the boyfriend down. This afternoon I asked Matt if this would be ok. When I told him this, he got very upset with me, although heinsisted he wasn't, and stormed out of my apartment. For the rest of the night, I simply wanted to die. I called everyone I could think of but noone was around.

After Mike's death, Matt and I's friendship entered a different stage. We were both there when Mike died, and everytime I see Matt I am reminided of it. It is problably the same with Matt. The hardest thing about Mike's death is that Mike and Matt almost existed as one person. From age 15, they did everything together. Matt once said to me that he lost his shadow, and I just wanted to cry. Sometimes, youwant to help someone so badly, so badly it eats you up inside, and there is nothing you can to to help.

I feel like I can do nothing for Matt. I hate the fact that I have so little control in the world. Its not fair. I know that in life shit happens, but why does it always seems that nothing ever go right. You should be able to depend on somethings - with all your heart. You should be able to put all your eggs in one basket. If you're not allowed to feel this way, you get all screwed up and never really get close to anyone. Without Mike, it seems like Matt only half exists. Everyone

else who was Mike's friend will be able to carry on, but Matt will forever have Mike's name written on his soul.

Zine Reviews

Icarus Was Right #3 Very amazing layout-the work and the beauty of this alone makes the zine portentous, not to mention the inspiring Fugazi interview, and interviews with Unwound and Kill Holiday. Also includes articles on the unabomber, the internet , and some contributions from prominent zine writers.
pob 191175 San Diago, CA 92159

Contrascience #5 This is a very informative zine which researches its issues well. I think its for the punk rock intellectual. If this is what you call yourself than get this zine. Includes articles on legislation which limit freedom, US history texts, why Thanksgiving sucks, studio of the stars, interview with Craig O'hera and more.
pob 191175 San Diago, CA 92159

Kids With Goggles #5 Screams From Inside #7 should be a split with this zine if it ever is to come out. I chose to do a split with this zine because its writer has a similar style as my own. He talks about his problems with being unpopular, body image, loneliness, love sickness, and the closemindedness that exists among many punk rockers. Adam Miller 4119 Wentworth Ave. S. Minneapolis, MN 55409

Persist #4 Jeff is one of the most incredible zine writers around. His style of writing picks you up, grasps you, and won't allow you to come loose. In this issue of Persist, Jeff writes about alienation in hardcore, the death of his brother, traveling, friendship, jealousy, x-lovers, homosexuality, and much much more.
This zine also contains lots of show reviews which are very accurate and well thought out. This is the most awesome zine. Its completely packed full of inspiring writings much like a book of pros. This has to be one of the best zines out today. pob 756 Westmont, IL 60559

Shoddy Goods #2 This is a really cool zine out of St. Louis which focuses on the St. Louis scene, St. Louis City politics, as well as worldwide politics. It involves many members of the St. Louis scene especially inhabitants of the Arsenal house. It shows just how community oriented the St. Louis scene is.
Pick it up for a stamp or two. pob 160150 St. Louis, MO 63116

ATR #1 "A Journal" Although this is rather difficult to read, its contents are very interesting and important to take note of if you're into the political aspects of punk. I thought it worth it to get through this entire zine because of all I have learned from it. There are two writers of this zine, one of whom writes for Heartattack. ATR stands for After The Revolution and discusses the revolution and what will be needed to create permanent change. The things that these writers think are most important in the change process are language, economics, music, and culture. They delve deeply into these issues, so deeply that there is 77 pages of it. Aragon! c/o Heartattack pob 848 Goleta, CA 93116

Girl Interrupted This zine discusses lots of feminist issues such as rape, history, body image, and battered womyn. It also contains rants from Witknee of Alien zine about mental illness, relationships, alienation at shows, abolishing money, and vegetarianism. Good. 1024 Chautauqua Pacific Planes, CA 90272

A Wish for Wings That Work #2 This zine focuses on religious issues. I write a column for this zine about my experience with religion. The problem with this zine is only me and it's writer express dissatisfaction with religion. So, this zine gives you a range of thoughts on religion. The writer of this zine has a great sense of humor and has written many other great zines in the past. Jason Rt. 2 Bx. 212 Blooming Prairie, MN 55917

Harvey's Ladder #1 My best friend Matt does this zine. The name comes from this character Harvey who throughout the movie thinks he's a dog. He drives his sister and mother nuts, but everyone in the town loves him because he's so nice and accepting of their inadequacies. Anyway, this is more or less an emo zine which talks about obsession, loneliness, fear of expressing oneself in zine format, shyness, and having to work. 7904 Pennsylvania Ave St. Louis, MO 63111

Off the Beaten Path #3 First and foremost this has the most kick ass cover drawn by St. Louis Cartoon extroidinar - Jeremy Gaynor. He draws many of the flyers for Arsenal shows as well as for 7" records(Volatiles), and his own zine. This zine contains an interview with Dillinger 4 and Code 13; two bands from the city where I used to live - Minneapolis. Also, writing on the quality of zines, hating the government but loving your country, and the anarchist's concept of time. Last, contains record and zine reviews. Good quality both in writing and in layout. Matt Detox 834 N. Spoede St. Louis, MO 63141

Candles for Girls #2 Jennifer writes about being abused and raped by her x-boyfriend, the non-existence of girl solidarity in the scene, sexual harassment in the workplace, an extensive review of rape in the bible, and book/zine reviews. This is very informative and tear provoking pob 9574 Wyoming, MI 49509

Alien #10 "Sick of Good-byes" Witknee has moved many times in the past couple of years. She started off in LA, then moved to St. Louis for awhile, then to Chicago, then to San Francisco, than back to LA. As usual, there are alot of writing here about mental illness and manic depression. There are also many letters even one from Blake of Jawbreaker. As usual, very interesting and informative. 1024 Chautauqua Pacific Planes, CA 90272

Tilt #8 This is another zine for intellectual hardcore punks. In this issue, Brob writes us about losing money on punk projects, the Zitzer Spiritual Republic, major labels, and redistribution of labor. There are interviews with Acme, Graue Zellen, Fabric, Shortsight, Undone, and Vorhees. In addition, there is an interview discussing sexism, gender roles, and female empowerment including writers of such zines as Simba(Vique), Too Far, and Screams From Inside. If you are confused on how womyn in the scene truly think on womyn's issues, check out that interview. It is very enlightening. I learned alot. 2$ to Tennisbaanstr. 85 9000 Gent BELGUIM

Help #2 This issue features less personal ranting than the last and more interviews such as those from Kill Holiday and Screams From Inside. The interviews are really good cause Lance comes up with the best questions. Even my answers seemed halfway intelligent. Well worth your dollar and your time. 137 Tamarack #12 Henderson, NV 89015

Secluded Universe Comp. #1 This zine compilation includes such great zine writers as Catch 22, Screams From Inside, Second Nature, and The Rain That Fell Last Night. These zines cover a whole range of subjects with a large range of perspectives. I especially enjoyed The Rain That Fell Last Night section. Rob uses his art and writing beautifully to create realistic images of the world today. He wrote and published a great book called Swallowed by the World which you should give a try if you liked his section of this zine. This zine is very well put together, a good mixture of different style, and a wonderful choice for those who are easily bored with zines. pob 423927 San Fran, CA 94142-3927

Gulp Life #9 This is a zine done by a 7-11 worker about 7-11. But 7-11 is not the only thing that writer, Joe will talk about in his zine. Sure, Joe spends countless hours at his job, but he still has the ability to write about Dear Dotti, loneliness, zines, and competition. He still has the time to read and watch countless moves, zines, and letters and put their results in his zine. Gulp Life has to be one of the funniest and easy to read zines around these days.

From reading issues one through nine I feel like I know everything there is to know about Joe Gallo from his 7th grade teacher who left the convent and outed herself to the fact that he has never kissed a girl. If you really want a zine that gives you a glimpse of someone's life check out Gulp Life. You won't be disappointed. 924 Valencia St. #157 San Fran, CA 94110

Motion Sickness #3 This zine keeps getting better and better. Not only does it have numerous interviews but now it has columns from people in the St. Louis scene. There is the editor writing his piece on how much money one loses on a zine, me talking about politics, Matt Detox (Off the Beaten Path) talking about ignorance in the punk scene, and Tim of Ultraman hatefully talking about how there should be no unity in the scene. There are interviews with The Delta 72, Red 5, Diesel Boy, Joykiller, Space Cookie, Lifetime, A.F.I., Strung Out, Weston, Judge Nothing, and New Bomb Turks. Last, there are accurate record and zine reviews. Obviously, alot of work has been put into this. 6221 Delmar Blvd. Apt .
202 Rear St. Louis, MO 63130

Dogprint #6 This zine is done by my old buddy Lenny who I haven't heard from for the longest time. It is full of his insights, ramblings, and several very interesting interviews. There are tons of reviews in here of many of the same records that have been sent to me in the past. Its a good refresher on the scene these days and many of the new records coming out. pob 84 Suffern, NY10901

Electric Field Dance This is a pretty good zine that informs you of your driving rights and ways to get around the law, stealing cars, breaking and entering, making chemical bombs, money and credit card fraud, and theft. It is the non-violent criminal's handbook. In order to save the $$ stolen from us by the man, you must read this book and find a way to steal it back. pob 19394 Cincinnati, OH 45219

Viscera #1 This has to be the most awesome zine imaginable. It is done by one of my closest friends and confidants, Michele Hardesty formerly of Jumbo Shrimp. This issue focuses on the relationship between individuality and community. It also dealves into various issues in Michele's life. This is so much better than my zine.
Get address from me or send for a copy from me cause I don't have the address with me....sorry Michele.

Record Reviews

Mineral *"The Power of Falling"* lp This record is so awesome. Its beautiful soft emo, pop-emo, with occasional drifts into insanity. Especially enjoyed the song delorsora about untouchable beauty. Beauty so extreme that one is afraid to approach. this is a terrible romantic and sad record. The lyrics are extroidinary as is the music. (Crank)

Trusty *"The 4th Wise Man"* lp My friend Mike Lake, who is well known for wearing his Trusty shirt for weeks at a time, once told me that when Trusty came to play at Ciseros, they discovered that they left their drummer in Michigan. The members of Trusty had to drive all the way back to Michigan to pick up their drummer who, at the time, was roaming around without shoes probably muttering, "those fuckers..." I didn't really enjoy Trusty's other album "Goodbye Dr.Fate" as much as I enjoyed this one. They are not what I expect from todays Dischord. They tend to be much more poppy with less tendency toward emo and indie rock. (Dischord)

The Van Pelts *"stealing from our favorite theives"* lp This band reminds me very much of Slint except the chorus parts break more into singing with less talk. Sometimes this is better than Slint, sometimes not. All I have to say is that if you like Slint, buy this record. I especially enjoyed the song "I'm alot like you, I'm a woman too." Although at first I thought the singer was saying, "I lie like you, I'm a woman too." Maybe this song refers to the gradual understanding among some punkers of how similar man is to woman. (Gern)

The Crown Hate Ruin *"Until the eagle grins"* lp This is yet another one of those records perfect to fall asleep to. Its rather boring and too much of a resemblence to many other emo bands out today. (Dischord)

Los Crudos/ Spitboy *"Roughly Living"* split lp To tell you the truth, I was never too impressed with Los Crudos and Spitboy recordings. I loved their live show and always left with the feeling of inspiration. However, when I listened to their record at home it wasn't the same. That wasn't the case at all with the "Roughly Living" split lp. The split lp had alot of the energy from the Los Crudos and Spitboy live shows. Perhaps it is the recording that makes it so much better. I don't know. Oh yea, all of the Los Crudos lyrics are sung in spanish, but there is a english and spanish translation in the insert. This record is beautifully packaged in cardboard with the picture of an indian and writing in silver. (Ebullution)

Karate lp This is beautiful, chaotic in the use of music theory, but mellow sound and harmony wise. The singing is somewhat folksy, but it just adds to the wonder and excitement of this record. (Southern Records)

Enkindle lp I have experienced 7" after 7" from this band and none have been as good as this. Drawing their influences from Endpoint and Falling Forward, this band suddenly

and Falling Forward, this band suddenly begins to rock. (initial)
The Volumptious Honor of Karen Black lp This is another one of those glam bands that puts an intereting image in one's mind but doesn't hold up that image because they suck musically. If you like other GoKart releases with glam punk bands(ex. Buttsteak) perhaps this is right down your alley. (GoKart)
Sweet Deisel *"Search and Annoy"* lp I really like this record. Its very dynamic, angry, joyful, spontaneous and fresh. Ben Smith lead guitarist says that he likes to play as fast as possible. That is very much the case with this record. Its punk with a bit of rock-n-roll feel to it. You hear many different influences in this from post-hardcore, to sxe, to alternative, to Elvis. (GoKart)
Guilt lp To tell you the truth, I really didn't like this record all that much. It wasn't even comparable to Endpoint "Catharsis" or the Guilt 7" "Empty". You know why guilt just doesn't measure up to Duncan's former projects. Here is my theory. I think that it is all because of Alice Davenport. I believe I will never forget that name because it has been repeated to me by him so many times, and the pain that she has given him has given him the urge to write the most beautiful music around in its day. In order for Duncan to once again produce the music he once made, he must stalk Alice. There is no other way. (Victory)
The Phantom Surfers *"The Great Surf Crash of 97"* lp As you might of guessed, this is a surf record. Its all music with hardly any singing and all surf. Its the perfect background music for your 50's hipster surf party or any other hot date you may wish to impress. (Lookout!)
Groovie Ghoules *"Born in the Basement"* lp This seems to be yet another theme band this time born out of the pop punk witches brew. Track 2 - hello, hello - is a cute song about a crush on someone you see every so often and are only on 'hello' terms with. This seems to be 50's music mixed with punk. (Lookout!)
Groovie Ghoules *"Appitite for Andrenochrome"* lp This is the best record I've heard from the Groovie Ghoules. It includes song about a lost generation who can no longer think and escapes through drugs, another song about him and his g-friend 'doing the bat' which is bitting eachother on the necks and taking over the whole town turning each and every person into a vampire. Still more songs about Armageddon, Computers taking over the world, and not wanting his girl to be the victim of dracula. Its sort of misfitsy but not really. (Lookout!)
Furious George *"Goes Ape"* ep My little brother had a Curious George and seeing this on the the record cover brings back old memories of how he used to pretend that Curious George was his child and I would pretend that Teddy was mine. So as I was looking at this and listening to it all I could think about was that Eugene's child was now in a Lookout band. Anyway, this is yet another NY Ramonesque record with Dee Dee Ramone on back ups. It contains humourous lyrics about Furious George himself, Guilligan, and Betty Crocker. (Lookout!)
Citizen Fish *"Thurst"* lp Here it is, the 5th album of x-Subhumans and x-Culture Shock. I know you were excited, so excited that all there could be is disapointment. But you won't be. There is no disapointment in this record. I love the non-ska songs. I guess somewhere along the line ska started to bug me. So, the non-ska or not so ska songs are totally awesome. What is more awesome is that this band discusses important political issues like the misimformation of mass media and the confusion over who is right or wrong it creates, the inability for those with fame or power to express rage or confusion about repression because it is supposed to look under control. This record discusses alot of other important political issues which would take an entire zine to discuss. In short, keep informed and support bands that try to keep you that way. (Lookout!)
Jughead's Revenge *"Image Is Everything"* cd This is pretty good. It sounds similar to alot of post hardcore bands like Crucial Youth and Isocracy. I didn't think I'd like it because the cover is rather stupid looking with its muscle bound men all over it. I didn't like the name much either. I did like the picture of elvis on the cd itself though, nice

The Smugglers *"Sell the Sizzle"* lp There are some really sloppy, greasy looking hamburgers on this record cover. I wonder how the 85% vegetarian punk scene reacted to this. Perhaps they didn't mind much considering this is one of the best records out this year. Their bass guitar and backing vocalist Beez used to be in the rockabilly band Shotgun Shack. I don't like him much cause supposedly he wrote a rather sexist song about Margaret Atwood, one of my favorite writers. One has the right to their own opinion. However, it gets old trying to be a strong woman when all you hear are sexist opinions from your comrads. Then again, I haven't really heard the song so I'm basically only talking shit and making untangible points. Anyway, this is a really good album, similar to the Humpers,and is probably the best thing out on Lookout. Despite my apprehensions and deeply ingrained beliefs I really rocked out to this cd. (Lookout!)

The Meatmen *"War of the Super Bikes"* cd This is a long awaited re-release of The Meatmen's classic 9 song lp from 1985. It features members of negative approach, Dag Nasty, and Minor Threat. The remaining 10 songs on this cd are brand new, featuring Brian Baker. But all that doesn't matter cause this song has the song, 'kisses in the sunset' ....."and your bush, your glorious gravy boat feels like crushed velvet" . That is such an awesome song. This cd combines the old with the new, the hayday of punk, the craziness of the 80's emerges and is switched to the sophistication of the 90's. Often I feel that 80's punk bands never do well when they put out records now. They seemed so forced, like they are trying too hard and living in the past. However, I do find it important to re-release old school records that are out of print because many new schoolers miss out on what the old school has to offer. You must know the history of the music that you love. (GoKart)

Napalm Death *"Cursed on Tour"* cd This is pretty much what I expected from Napalm Death and I welcomed the grindcore mixed with hardcore because I have been listening to pop punk all morning. Its weird how when I am listening to one extreme type of music how I begin to yearn for the opposite of it. (Earache)

AFI *"Very Proud of Ya"* cd AFI has a sound reminicent of NOFX and many other Epitaph bands. However, their lyrics aren't funny like those of NOFX. They are more emotional, discussing topics like trust, compassion, apathy, generosity, innocence, strength, ect. Deep and very good. (Nitro)

Neurosis *"Through silver in blood"* cd The last record I purchased by Neurosis was the one on Lookout. After they went on a major I pretty much ignored their existence. Just recently, I received this cd and gave it a chance. I was pleased with what I heard. Its a mixture between not terrible industrial and grindcore. Not that I'm a big fan of industrial(god, no!) I just enjoyed the emotional overloads and breakthroughs that this record gave me. I'm not saying this is as good as the Lookout lp, but its definetly worth checking out. (Relapse)

Weston *"Teenage Love Affair"* ep This 7" has the same 2 songs as off the "God beat up" lp but they're different versions of it. They are much faster and less college rock than on the lp. There is also a cover of 'she don't know me.' (Gern)

Lifetime *"An outstanding Record Achelvement"* ep This has the most awesome 50's cover. It has no insert and only 2 songs, but wow!! the cover looks so damn cool. I liked the song 'somewhere in the swamps of New Jersey' it was one of those rad Lifetime songs that gets you through your pitiful life. I didn't like 'the boy's no good' its one of those annoying Lifetime filler songs. (Jade Tree)

Lifter Puller ep This is a typical indie rock band from Minneapolis singing about slipping backwards into a nouse of smoking, drinking, and sleeping around. I guess I have fallen into this trap but I don't see why I am the worse because of it. I haven't made any promises to anyone so therefore, I am a free mason. Its not like I'm torturing 2 month babies for a box of tampons. Geez, why must people make such a thing of this. The Slips Backwards song was really sort of Replacement, Husker Du, but the other song 'nassau coliseum' was way too slow. Yet, I like fast things, its my punk rock upbrining. (Skene)

Blangk *"letter to no one"* ep This sounds like the typical Louisville hardcore sound which started with Endpoint then passed through Enkindle and got transformed into the most amazing music in Falling Forward. This band seems much more hard hitting than its predicessors, but like its predacessors it sings about the evilness of love and relationships. (Toothless)

Jake Ryan ep This record has no insert and no imformation with it. I probably got something originally about this when it was sent to me, but I don't remember. If you happen to see a purple 7" with a silver bycycle on it you should get it cause it has beautiful female vocals and sounds alot like Ashes, Samuel, and Junction. (Snare)

Chalkline/Figurehead split ep This is one of those fat pant/sxe bands so you can just imagine what they sound like. They are comparible to bands like Chokehold, Despair, Unbroken, and Judge. There was this spoken part with whom I assume to be someone of African decent complaining about not getting any chitlens. Its possible that after this spoken part the band began to go off on the racial stereotypes, but I don't really know because there was no lyric sheet. They could be singing a speech by Hitler if all I know. They keep brining up the word revolution, but what do they mean by revolution? what kind of revolution do they want? Would I want to be part of the new world they want to create? I don't know because I don't know what it is. Is it only about sxe or veganism? If so, what about the poor people, what about religon, workers rights, political parties, the state, what about our rights as human beings? These two bands are pretty decent sxe bands which instill within you the anger to break beer bottles, but as I grow older I seek more than that. (Shandle records)

Unbroken ep This is somewhat similar to their lp "Life, love, regret" but the sound quality isn't that good and my record skipped like crazy. Basically, you are getting the same fast, speed metal, punk, crazy shit as before. Just make sure to play it on a decent record player. And if you want to know what happened to Dave Unbroken (Dave Claiborne) he now lives in Alton, MO and plays guitar in my best friend Mike's band Cakewalk. Cakewalk sounds like a mix between Lifetime and Dag Nasty. I know what you're thinking - that's quite a change from Unbroken - but Dave seems to be listening to a hell of alot of lush and the smiths so he might be getting old and mellowing out a bit. Nevertheless, he still has the "sxe warrior" liscence plate on his car. You go Dave! (31g)

No Motiv ep This is an awesome band coming out of Oxnard, CA. Their sound is very similar to that of many other Orange County bands. This 7" is put out by Fred Hammer of It's Alive zine. Remember him? That guy who does that really awesome zine. There is this one song about a girl who kills herself and now she is not able to see what could have been possible. I guess sometimes life seems so bleak that you'd rather die than have to tolerate another day of it. I used to think that suicide was the ultimate 'fuck you' against society. That is was insane that the law prohibited you from ending your own life...like you were forced to stay alive in a crumby existance. Last summer, a guy from the scene back in Minneapolis killed himself. I hardly knew him. He was a distant figure in the back of my mind, always at shows, always the spectacle, always with a witty word or two to say. Now I dream of the time we will meet again. That distant figure and I will talk and we'll have the most illuminating conversation, one that will change our thoughts forever. But that will never happen because I will never see him again. It scares me what I believe people to be and what they really are. (its Alive)

Pansy Devision *"Valentine's day"* ep The first song, Valentine's day, talks about how depressing Valentine's day is and how its a day where the world rubs in your face your failures with lovers. They say its just another day to make you feel rotten. I'm confused. How can a rocker have trouble finding a date for Valentine's day? Wouldn't all these boys be dying to take him out? There was a spoken word part afterward where a grandmother worries about her grandson entering the world of heterosexuals: 'a scared and boring life.' (Lookout!)

Redmond Shooting Stars ep This is really good. My buddy Matt gave it to me for my birthday and I thought this was because he didn't like it-kinda like a hand me down, but its rad. It has Aaron Cometbus on drums and its almost as good as his zine.

(Broken Rekids)

Sticks & Stones *"Theme tour for nothing: Summer 1993"* lp This music has a slightly pop/emo feel with beautiful male vocals. No screams, but singing verses questioning love, existance, communication, lonliness, ect. Their song lyrics read like poetry and their music feels like one is reading poetry. If I was in a band, I'd want to write music like this(except with pretty female vocals). This band broke up awhile ago and all their stuff has abeen re-released on this album. It has many songs, a nice insert, and its well worth your 6$/7$ (Gern)

Walleye *"familiar, forgotten"* lp A song called 'old battles' talks about living in a world where you don't belong. Perhaps, it could be this world: avoiding alienation and poverty by talking the words that don't belong to you. Silver tongue may talk about how we are charmed by corporations, or media, or maybe just a fellow punk who wants to gain through your friendship. These songs like many others on this record are very vague and open to interpretation. However, the meaning you get from them are very interesting. This record took a while to grow on me but eventually after my sixth listen it began to inspire me to dance like a crazy fool. (Jade Tree)

Weston *"Got Beat Up"* lp The first time I heard this album was coming out my buddy Matt said to me, or at least I thought I heard him say to me, "Weston got beat up" and I kept asking him 'Weston got beat up ? how? by whom? Luckily it was their new album coming out. Weston makes me feel comfortable being a nerd, having a crush, and being dised. This album was a little more college rock than their previous ones, but still was good. I liked the song Heather Louis the most, but I have some advise for the weston boys. This is what you get from going out with a prep girl. That is why you stick with the punk rock girls. Get it. (GoKart)

Chisel *"8 a.m. all day"* lp I didn't expect to like this and my first hearing of it reminded me of Garden Variety who remind me of Dinosaur Junior and that's just wrong. This is basic punk with high vocals. I find it difficult to describe as I do many other records. Music is too much of an abstraction to ever properly describe and any interpretation tends to get too technical. So what can I tell you about this record that can make you understand what I'm trying to explain? I can look at the lyrics, something I seldom do. I like to learn the lyrics through the music and make my own interpretation. Besides, this record came without a lyric sheet unless you went through the trouble of sending for one. This was way too much work for me. (Gern)

Promise Ring *"30 Everywhere"* lp This record is awesome! It is somewhat of a mesh between captain jazz and Sunny Day Real Estate. It is beautiful in parts and just plain insane in others. If I were in a record store and if I were asked to classify this record, I would classify it under poppy emo. (Jade Tree)

A Document of Nothing *Compilation cd* I There are some really great bands on here! For example, Combination Grey which is emo with girl vocals; Despair which is absolutely crazy hardcore; Walleye which is Jade Tree emo; and Autumn which seemed to resurface to my joyful surprise after years of hiding...maybe it was hitting on all those girls that eventually got the singer into trouble. In order to sample some of the raddest new bands in hardcore you must pick up this cd. (Second Nature)

NoneLeftStanding *"Slingray candy 100"* 10"Although the layout for this record is very hip, the music didn't live up to what I hoped for. NLS is very powerful live but this record seemed slow and boring. (Rhetoric Records)

F.Y.P. *"Finish your popcorn"* lp I kept hearing about this band from people. I even started playing in a band that was supposed to sound like this but I never even listened to the record. Suffice to say I was rather disappointed. It was very simplistic, fast, punk rock. I must already have a couple dozen of this same record in my collection.(Recess Records)

Coalesce cd This is a sxe sounding hardcore band with the growling vocals of a crusty band. Comparable to later integrity. (Second Nature)

Despair *"As we Bleed"* cd This is really good. I'd say it captures the heaviness of Snapcase and the quickness of Strife. The lyrics are very simplistic and emotional-one can actually comprehend what they are singing about. This isn't the case for many hardcore bands today which have a strange way of saying the exact same thing. (Initial Records)

Slugfest cd This band was what Despair came out of. They broke up in 1993 and may get back together for a mini tour. I like this record more than the Despair records I have heard in the past. It is more intense. Words to describe this could be tight, pounding, super energetic, even the lyrics gravitate with the music. There are four new tracks on this along with the out of print 7" "Buried Alive" ...Pure fucking hardcore!! (Initial Records)

Elliot *"In transit"* ep This has the weirdest cover. Its all black with a little box showing the vista of Grand Canyon in Death Valley with some lady sitting there. Elliot features most of the former members of Falling Forward except their singer also plays guitar. In the first song the vocals sound like a girl but the second the vocals are very reminiscent of Falling Forward. The music to Elliot is much slower and soothing than Falling Forward once was. Its kind of weird to hear the intense voice of Chris with such slow music. (Initial Records)

Statue *"Something to Say"* ep I guess the lp was too good for anything ever to be compared to it cause this completely sucks. Its bad recording makes them sound like a lousy Fugazi rip-off. (Ambassador)

Greyhouse/Dahlia Seed *split* ep I assume that Dahlia Seed is not vegan because they are singing about milk. Dahlia Seed is basic emo with girl vocals. I think that the meaning of this song "milk" is the singer gave her vegan boyfriend milk and he frieked. Greyhouse is especially intense on this split and as usual just plain awesome. (Trouble man Unlimited)

Everyday Girl ep This is very snotty pop punk much like Screaching Weasel or The Vindictives. The songs are about girls and punk. What can I say? its pretty damn good. (Skene!)

Scout *"Tomato"* ep This is a very interesting record. The artwork on the 7" itself is done by the drummer and this ep seems to encircle a theme of creativity, intellectual pursuit, and freedom. This is evident in the lyrics and the music itself. I found the music very chaotic and comparable to bands like Heroin, Antioch Arrow, and Universal Order of Armageddon. (MooCow Records)

Slap of Reality *"Drowned Out"* ep Years ago I used to be good friends with the drummer of this band. He would send me long letters and packages full of goodies on a daily basis. I was rather upset when I heard this band broke up. They are reminiscent of 7 seconds and Sam I am. They were even supposed to go on tour with 7 seconds back in 1992. Slap of Reality is very upbeat, sappy, and poppy. Always good. (Skene!)

the Hi-Fives *"It's up to you"* ep With most bands I find it easy to classify their music by comparing them to a list of other bands. This hasn't been the case with the Hi-Fives. The Hi-Fives seem to have their own special brand of pop-50's rock. Its a typical release of Lookout, yet it stands out on its own. (Lookout!)

Squirtgun *"Mary Ann"* ep Many people I know don't like this band, but I don't think it is because of their lack of talent. I think its the use of their song in the movie "Mall Rats". This made them seem too mainstream. They are very much like Green Day both in sound and packaging. Is it possible that people are wondering if Squirtgun will this be the next Green Day. (Lookout)

Amanda *"Masque"* 10" This is a chaotic emo band from France. You know when you keep hearing that there are some amazing bands out of Europe which Americans never seem to hear about. Well, this is one of them. Two singers, fast, crazy, hardcore emo similar to bands such as Impetus Inter and Groundwork. I Love It! (Olivier Lepine)

No Slow All Go *Minneapolis Comp.* cd Everytime I hear this I reminisce on my marvelous but sometimes horrible days in Minneapolis. I guess the only thing I liked about this city was its lovely bands: Man Afraid, The Strike, Dillinger 4, Scooby Don't, Bombsite, The Kung Fools, and The Salteens. There are 32 awesome tracks on this with a free poster of a cop. If there are still some left, definitely try this out. (The Daggers)

The Crumbs *"Shakespeare"* ep This band reminds me alot of The Smugglers, but I kind of liked them more. Their lyrics made more sense to me. Bands like The Smugglers, The Humpers, and The Crumbs kind of have this fuck everybody attitude reminiscent of old

school punk. They seem to like to do things their own way despite the resistance. (Lookout!)

Roosevelt's Inaugural Parade ep This is a basic hardcore band with two vocalists - one a girl and one a boy. I found this very similar to alot of other bands put out by initial and prominent in the Louisville scene. (initial)

The World Inferno Friendship Society ep Terrible, terrible, terrible. I figured this would be good because its new Sticks n' Stones and the other World Inferno ep was awesome. I was utterly mistaken. However, the cover is really cool looking. It shows a 50's glamour queen with red eyes surrounded by people dressed as animals. On the back and in the insert are all these witches. The layout of this record is really beautiful, but I was annoyed by the inane music. (Gern)

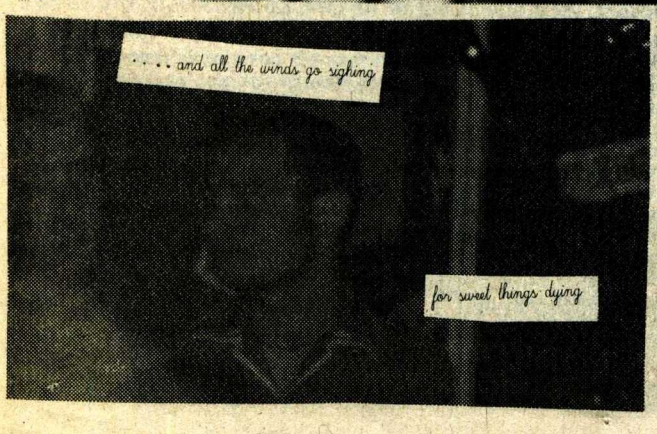
Bikini Kill *"Reject all American"* lp This totally sounds like the Go-Go's. I didn't even know it was them. It was as if they finally learned to play their instruments. No longer are they punk rock girls but new wavers. I don't know what to think of that. (Kill Rock Stars)

Sleater Kinney *"Call the Doctor"* lp The singer of this band has a very high voice, one that I didn't believe possible. I loved the unusualness of that voice with the beauty of the music. Crazy music for our crazy times. (K)

The Make-Up lp Bad. very, very, very, bad. I can't even believe they had the nerve to record this. I guess I was turned on by the pretty cover of the record and the snappy dressing style and showmanship of the make-up but this record has really disappointed me. (Kill Rock Stars)

Delta 72 *"The R&B Membership"* lp This is awesome. Its mostly instrumental with sparse parts where there is a male speaking or a female screaming. The music itself is very bluesey, dare I say. There is the use of harmonica and blues guitar, but instead of simplistic blues rhythms they go insane.

Unwound *"Repetition"* lp This record starts off really weird. I thought there was something wrong with it when I first played it. I kept fidgeting with the controls of my tape player. Later to find out it was part of the whole Unwound spirit. I really didn't like their last album "The Future of What" and my buddy Jim Utz kept trying to convince me it was all different this time. I have to agree with him on this one. Now I understand how everyone is so excited about Unwound. This record is exhilarating and unusual. It gives me several different emotions at the same time. Definitely not a record to fall asleep to-your dreams would be way too insane. (Kill Rock Stars)



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dubwar *"pain"* cd This reminds me of a mix between Bad Brains, Mudhoney, Alice in Chains, and Fishbone. Its reggae yet its grunge. The singers vocals are very soulful, but the music isn't really my style. However, if you like the bands I just listed you should definitely try this one out. (Earache)

Napalm Death/ Coalesce split ep I wonder if this is the same Coalesce on the Second nature label. Napalm Death must like them alot since they haven't issued a split ep in fifteen years. This is that last release where Napalm Death's frontman of 7 years, Mark 'Barney' Greenway is going to sing in. Afterwards, he may or may not join Extreme Noise Terror. (Earache)

Anal Cunts *"Everyone Should Be Killed"* cd Now this is musicianship at its best. You know you're gonna like a cd when there are 52 songs on it. No, really this band is punk rock at its gg allin best. We all were trying to raise GG from the dead and now we have. Oh, what a wonderful day it is GG has been metemorphicised into the singer of the Anal Cunts. (Earache)

Mushuganas ep I didn't really like this as much as the song I heard on this comp someone sent me. IT was the raddest song about screwing someone who was already involved. It reminded me of the situation I was in: always looking for someone who didn't already have a boyfriend. Anyway, Mashugas is punk punk with very unserious lyrics. I couldn't get into this ep. I can't remember off hand what lable its on but its the most

Outro

I know it has been forever since the last Screams from Inside has come out. You probably have forgotten my existence by now if you even knew of it in the first place. The reason for the delay of SFI #6 was my inability to find a job. I have recently moved from Minneapolis, MN to St. Louis, MO. I have been through so many changes and these changes took a long time to process in my mind and put onto paper.

In the chaos of moving, some of the items I have received for review have been losed. If you sent something that I haven't reviewed I apologize, I wasn't trying to ignore you. Furthermore, since I get so many items for review I have to change my policy on zine and record reviews. I will only review what I like or totally hate. That

more than to make this zine extremely affordable, even free from the capitalistic system of money exchange, but right now that doesn't seem possible.is the case with this issue and issues yet to come. For the record reviews, I will not print the addresses. If you need the address for a certain record please write and I will give it to you. Distribution is still 2000 zines worldwide. Ad rates are about the same: 25$ for a half a page, $12.00 for a forth of a page, and 6$ for an eighth of a page. Distro rates have went up because the zine is twice its size and costs twice as much to send and print. Distro rates are 75 cents a copy for up to ten and 50 cents a copy for more than ten. In Europe, it is a $1.00 per copy for up to ten and 75 cents a copy for more than ten. In person, zines are free. Through the mail one copy ranges from $1.00 - $2.00 depending on what you're willing to send or what the distributor charges. I promise my rates will go down again as soon as I ~~am on better economic ground.~~

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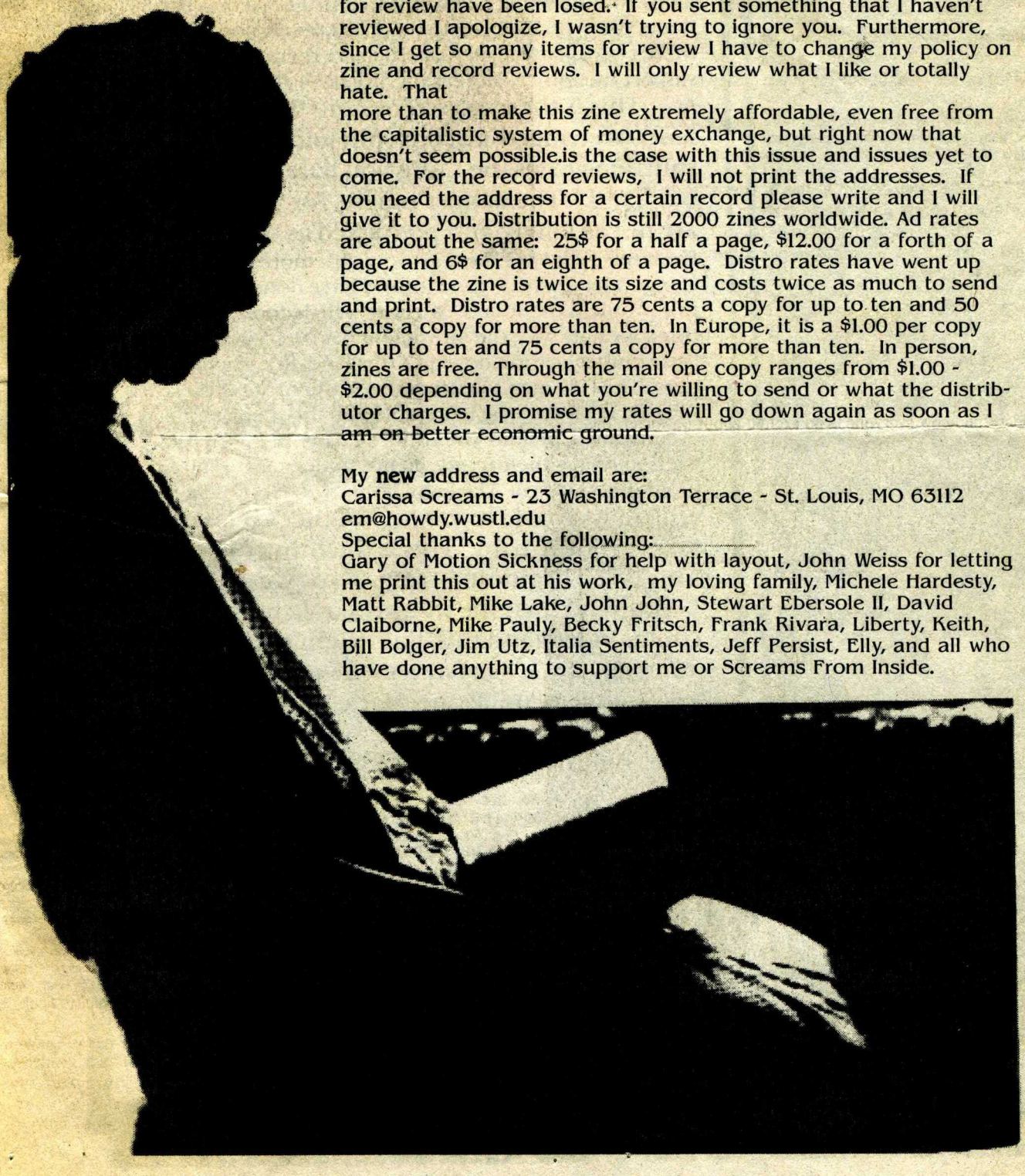
Special thanks to the following:
Gary of Motion Sickness for help with layout, John Weiss for letting me print this out at his work, my loving family, Michele Hardesty, Matt Rabbit, Mike Lake, John John, Stewart Ebersole II, David Claiborne, Mike Pauly, Becky Fritsch, Frank Rivara, Liberty, Keith, Bill Bolger, Jim Utz, Italia Sentiments, Jeff Persist, Elly, and all who have done anything to support me or Screams From Inside.



One man, one family driven from the land; this rusty car creaking along the highway to the west. I lost my land, a single tractor took my land. I am alone and I am bewildered. And in the night one family camps in a ditch and another family pulls in and the tents come out. The two men squat on their hams and the women and children listen. Here is the node, you who hate change and fear revolution. Keep those two squatting men apart; make them hate, fear, suspect eachother. Here is the anlage of the thing you fear. This is the zygote. For here "I lost my land" is changed; a cell is split and from its splitting grows the thing you hate-"We lost our land." The danger is here, for two men are not as lonely and perplexed as one. And from this first "we" there grows a still more dangerous thing: "I have a little food" plus "I have none." If from this problem the sum is "We have a little food," the thing is on its way, the movement has direction. Only a little multiplication now, and this land, this tractor are ours. The two men squatting in the ditch, the little fire, the side meat stewing in a single pot, the silent, stone-eyed women; behind, the children listening with their souls to words their minds do not understand. The night draws down. The baby has a cold. Here, take my blanket. It's wool. It was my mother's blanket-take it for the baby. This is the thing to bomb. This is the beginning-from "I" to "we"

If you who own the things people must have could understand this, you might preserve yourself. If you could seperate causes from results, if you could know that Paine, Marx, Jefferson, Lenin, were results, not causes, you might survive. But that you cannot know. For the quality of owning freezes you forever into "I", and cuts you off forever from "we."

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